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Quarterly Review

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
AT WORCESTER

Quarterly Review

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The Quarterly Review

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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MISS FLORENCE G. HOLDEN

Editorials

Miss Florence G. Holden

THE CLASS OF '40 fondly numbered Dr. William B. Aspinwall as one of its members; '41 claimed Miss Annabel C. Roe as a fellow-graduate; and '42 is proud to welcome into its ranks Miss Florence G. Holden, whose retirement after many years with the English department was announced in September.

Miss Holden was regarded not only as an exceptionally fine teacher, but as a friend, for she did her undergraduate work at our school, and never lost the student's point of view. No student problem was too trivial for her interest, and the girls often found that they had to check themselves from overburdening her with their troubles. Probably few faculty members have kept a finger on the pulse of student opinion so understandingly as did Miss Holden, who always listened quietly, advised wisely and respected confidences entrusted to her.

It is probably because of her attitude toward the freshmen that Miss Holden was such a favorite with her classes. Plunged into the bewildering excitement of a strange environment, many an entering student paused for breath and counsel in the calmness of her room, where each member of the class was encouraged to express her individual opinions and to develop as a distinct personality. The informality of procedure did much to put each freshman at ease and to encourage her to speak freely in other situations as well.

But it is not only freshmen who will miss Miss Holden's gentle influence. Juniors and Seniors out apprenticing, and graduates in the teaching field look back with gratitude at the hours spent in diagramming sentences and parsing words. Unattractive as the subject often seemed to the college student, many a beginning teacher has spoken of the silent thank-you which she mentally sent out to Miss Holden, whose quiet but firm insistence on mastery of the fundamentals of grammar has permitted teachers of English to keep their heads well above water when confronted with the innumerable questions which pupils in junior and senior high schools, especially, delight in asking.

The Literary Club, now entering its third year of activity, owes much of the interest felt in its work to its retired faculty adviser. Miss Holden

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always made discussions of modern literature an integral part of every course, and probably inspired the reading of many more current books than the average State Teachers College student is willing to give precious time for. Though she was faculty sponsor for the club from the time of its founding, she always took part in its activities as an enthusiastic member, attending every meeting and advising the executive board when asked for suggestions, but always preferring that policy be outlined by student committees without faculty domination. It was largely through her influence and that of the club's unofficial adviser, Mrs. Lawrence A. Averill, that the Literary Club has become known in Worcester book circles, and that its membership has been represented at many local affairs of literary interest.

Sentiment rarely finds a place in the busy routine of college life, and it is only on special occasions that we stop to express our appreciation to those with whom we associate every day. Miss Holden's retirement after the close of the last semester left her students with a double feeling of regret, not only because she will no longer be a part of our daily lives, but also because we have had no opportunity to let her know, in a tangible way, how much we think of her and how much we miss her. The *QUARTERLY REVIEW* takes this opportunity to express to Miss Holden the sincere affection and best wishes of the entire student body, and to extend to her a cordial invitation to continue to take an active part in life at Worcester State Teachers College.

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Farewell and Hail

THE COLLEGE CAREER of the present Senior class has been marked by an unusual number of faculty changes. As freshmen, the class of '42 greeted as a fellow-freshman Mr. Joseph W. Riordan, who replaced Mr. Charles F. Echterbecker. Sophomore year we bade farewell to Miss Grace C. Smith of the art department, and welcomed Dr. Frank M. Gracey. New Year saw a change in administration, with the departure of Dr. William B. Aspinwall and the coming of President Clinton E. Carpenter. Last fall Miss Margaret C. Clark took over the duties of Miss Ruth F. Atkinson in the department of physical education and Miss G. Eleanor Shaw became director of the art department; in the spring Miss Annabel C. Roe announced her retirement from the English department. Now, besides the retirement of Miss Holden, the *QUARTERLY* records the transfer of Dr. Charles O. Dalrymple to the State Teachers College at Lowell, and welcomes to the English depart-

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ment Miss Verna White, former supervisor of English in the junior high school division of the Fitchburg State Teachers College Training School.

"Dr. Dal," as he is known to his students, came to us from Boston University in 1935 as professor of sociology, director of speech training for apprentices, and member of the staff of supervisors of student teaching. Freshmen always stood in awe of him, and crouched low in their auditorium seats, terror-stricken lest he choose them to stand up for the ordeal of delivering one of the famous platform exercises. However, they soon discovered that "Dr. Dal" was a jolly good fellow, and his students reveled in spirited discussions of current sociological problems, lingering after the end of the hour to get in just one more word on the past and future of society. Of the present student body, probably only the Seniors know Dr. Dalrymple well, for the elementaries became acquainted with him in his supervisory capacity, while the secondaries met him in sociology class.

Dr. Dalrymple is also known as a scholar and an author, and in his free time could always be found poring over books and papers in the college library. We hope that he will continue to be as successful at Lowell, where he has been teaching since September.

Miss White, who took over Miss Holden's classes at the beginning of October, has already made herself a popular member of our faculty. A graduate of Wheaton College, she won her master's degree at the University of Michigan, and is working toward a doctorate at the University of Chicago. She taught in East Bridgewater and in Westerly, R. I., before going to Fitchburg, and so brings to her new position a thorough knowledge of the teaching of English. In the few weeks that she has been with us, Miss White has shown great interest not only in her classes and in extra-curricular activities, but in the work of the student teachers as well. We know that in all her interests she will meet with whole-hearted cooperation on the part of the student body.



"The Last Time I Saw Paris . . ."

Marguerite Sullivan, '44

WHEN was the last time you saw Paris? How did the war affect you? Was there much excitement?" I asked Maybelle Shaw, one of our freshmen, as we sat on the most comfortable couch in the student lounge, trying to hear ourselves think above the din of radio and gossip.

"I left Paris about a year and a half ago, three months after the outbreak of war. Air raid shelters had been built — some in the subway, some in the parks, but more in the country. We painted all our windows blue so that light wouldn't show, and we all had to carry gas masks. They're not very pleasant; they have a bad odor. Gas mask practice and shelter practice came quite often."

"Did Paris have any real air raids while you were there?"

"Yes, a few, but the planes were just scouting—no bombs. In the country people didn't even budge when they heard the planes. If you stayed in bed you might be bombed, but if you went out, you might get pneumonia."

"Tell me about your trip across the ocean," I said. "It must have been exciting!"

"Oh, it was. The ship was the Manhattan, and it had American flags painted all over it. We left from Bordeaux instead of Le Havre, because of the danger. Everyone talked of nothing else but the war, and we were all frightened of submarines and mines. The ship had to leave its regular course for safety's sake."

"Had you ever been to America before?"

"Yes, I came here for a visit in 1936. That was when I had the most trouble speaking English. When I came this time, I talked a great deal and made many mistakes, but I had to learn, because I like to talk very much. It's very funny; one day you don't know it, and the next day you wake up and you do know — that's just how it is!"

"Your father is an American, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he speaks French very well. He developed the habit because we spoke French at home, and in his business, for he was head of the French office of the United States Shoe Company. My mother is French, you know, of a very old family. In France, social class does not depend on money. Family, education, and what you are really count."

"You must have had many interesting experiences there."

"Noooo . . . Oh yes! I met the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. My

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father and I received an invitation to a ceremony held at the high church in Paris on May 30, 1940, and they were present. Afterwards, we shook hands with them."

"Do you find this country very much different from France?"

"Oh yes. When I first came, everything was so strange."

By this time the radio enthusiasts had gathered about, and were eagerly demanding more information. Laughingly, Maybelle complied.

"Well, for one thing the way people dress, and what they eat — and the school. People are very stylish over there. They do not go in for sport clothes, except in the morning," she explained, surveying our sloppy joes, skirts, and saddles. She continued, "And you eat so many sandwiches! I like them, but still, too many sandwiches. And you don't take time enough to eat. Everyone takes two hours off at noontime in France."

"Also, American boys and girls stay at school longer than in France. There you have longer hours, and the studying is more intensive, but you are through sooner. And there are no co-educational schools."

The word "co-ed" brought forth numbers of questions. What was social life like over there? Are French girls very much different? Questions poured in, but Maybelle plunged unhesitatingly into the sea of answers.

"Oh, the social life is very exciting! The chief recreation is dancing. They've been dancing the rumba and the conga for the last five years. People over here think it's a new dance! The French jitterbug much faster, too. I won a jitterbug contest in Vichy, but my favorite dance is the conga. I remember a handsome blond — but I suppose he's dead now. . . . Everything starts very late, about 11 o'clock. Every date is something special; you don't just sit around the house. You go out dancing, often to night clubs. The night clubs are very small and exclusive, furnished with large mirrors, many carpets, and soft lights. Everyone in France drinks a good deal — France consumes more alcohol than any country in the world."

"Yes, American girls are different from French girls. French girls are more strictly brought up. I think American girls run after boys." This statement, subtle as a bomb, roused such a flood of discussion and protest that, with no more ado, the interview came to an end.





Diary of a Freshman

Thelma Brodsky, '45

Dear Diary,

September 14, 1941

I finally made it! Tomorrow is my first day of school, and am I excited! Imagine me going to college! Me, the puzzling problem child! Me, the female Henry Aldrich going to college! Honestly, I still can't believe it. It does seem as though the gods have smiled on me, yea, even winked! No more looking back! When I was a child, I spake as a child, etc. — but none of that now. Bid me good luck, old pal, and heaven help the alarm clock if it doesn't go off!

Ten

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September 15, 1941

Dear Diary,

Well, here is your little freshman reporting the news of the day; (fanfare). Really it was an excellent day. I am amazed that the sophomores treat us newcomers with such courtesy. From what I had heard about freshman treatment by upperclassmen I really didn't know quite what to expect. But the day did turn out well, the teachers are all kind, and I am duly impressed. Oh, yes, lest I forget, I—uh—er—didn't quite leave my lurid past behind me. While hurrying down the steps to meet Charlotte, I slipped and made one of those Brodsky entrances. That wouldn't have been so bad if President Carpenter hadn't been below me. Oh, well, perhaps he'll forget my face, he hasn't seen it before. My family of course can't see how anyone could forget my face—of course they're just prejudiced. Let's hope for a clean slate tomorrow.

September 16, 1941

Dear Diary,

Maybe there is hope for me! I went through the entire day according to schedule. No slip-ups, no slip-downs, and growing pride in my new position is awakening in me. Of course I had six study hours to-day, but I think I did well not to burn down the school in all that free time!

September 17, 1941

Dear Diary,

Oh, woe of woes! I knew it, I knew it! Yesterday was too good to be true! To begin with, I was given a gym locker, and it possesses a combination that is really a tool of Mephistopheles! When the gym period arrived, little fleet-footed Thelma went to open that locker to get her tennis shoes, but that combination would not work. I struggled and struggled. I coaxed, I cajoled, I talked to it in French. Then I ordered it to open, "Open Sesame," but still it didn't budge. Finally I kicked it! No go. I decided to use gentler methods and after fifteen minutes of "sweat and strain, body all achin' and racked with pain," I got the pesky little door open. By that time the entire gym class had been instructed in the art of holding a hockey stick, and when I reached the class that art had been mastered by my colleagues. Miss Clark must have appreciated my society entrance. That afternoon when the entire freshman class was formally introduced to the faculty, I said, "How do you do, Miss Clark," and she smiled. The day was saved!

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September 18, 1941

Dear Diary,

Today I was very meek. I entered the school sedately. I entered my classes with poise. I did everything in a calm, dignified manner. I was especially careful walking down the steps. I took my bus unhurriedly. I presented an excellent example of what the college girl should be. I feel awful!!

September 19, 1941

Dear Diary,

At last, at last! It's Friday, again. On Fridays we have a whole period for assembly programs. I have three study hours during the day, and I think that I have finally adjusted myself to the school. (Hope so). Also I am back to normal so far as racing around the building is concerned. I made no glaring errors to-day. (If you discount walking into the wrong lounge, as one). Now after diligent practice I can open my gym locker like an expert safe cracker. One whole week in college and I have discovered that I have excellent teachers, the school program is really marvelous, and the entire freshman class is the best class I have ever been in. Everything is swell! Because to-day is Friday, and I've got a date!

• • •

Campus Cut-Up

Esther Lipnick, '43

Would you know him if you saw him . . .
He wears jackets torso length
His shirts are open in the neck
His shoes are sloppy saddles, so what the heck?
He quotes Shakespeare "the quality of mercy . . ."
He knows Scarlett and Rhett, too
He's seen the Yanks defeat the Bums
And finds it all too sad but true.
He reads Life and Reader's Digest
Thinks Gable has what it takes
And if deserted on a desert isle
Give him the Veronica Lakes.
He can conga like a Murray
Feeds a line to girls he doesn't like
Yep, he's just a college cut-up
The campus calls him Spike.

The Stupendous Feet of Inspector Merrill or The Corn Is Green

Gertrude Hunt, '43

A SINGLE PISTOL SHOT rang through the startled hall, just as the burly figure of that well-known crime crasher, Inspector Merrill, rang the bell. Ever on the alert, the Inspector whirled on his assistant Pudgkins (who is a comical character whose head is never used for cogitations) and barked, "THAT was a SHOT!"

At that moment, the door swung smooooothly open and the butler appeared. A crash of thunder was heard,—followed by a flash of lightning,—casting a weird light on a weird face peering over the butler's shoulder. It was the butler, glancing fearfully behind himself.

Wasting no time, the Inspector rushed into the startled hall and straightway fell flat on his puss. "Get that cat out of here!" he roared. Heaving his burly hulk off the floor with alacrity, the Inspector pointed dramatically to the floor and bellowed, "Johnson's Wax!"

With this subtle remark, he boomed on into the library where all bodies are usually kept. Only it wasn't the library.

It

was

the

kitchen.

With consternation, Inspector Merrill saw there his erstwhile rival,—that red-headed, sparkling blue-eyed, lean and whip-like-figured news reporter,—Curt Witherington.

"Where," zoomed the Inspector, "is the body?"

"Thither," said Curt Witherington.

"Whither?" asked Merrill.

"Don't blither," withered Witherington with a fiery glance at the Inspector's pance. "Hah, fell down, eh?"

"A very astute and scientific analysis of this situation," interposed Pudgkins, with an admiring look at the sterling reporter.

Merrill stalked angrily around the room. As this well-noted man seeks for a body, dead preferably, we shall pause to endeavor to acquaint those among us who are new to these griping stories, with the main characters.

We first met this Terrible Trio in that stirring comedy of terrors THE CAT DIED IN A MOUSETRAP — price \$2.50. This book was a great

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success, and the author modestly wonders why, discounting the fact that some rude person claims that the book was given away as a feature on Bank Nite.

Now that we have refreshed our memories of this gleesome threesome, we will return to the intensive search going on.

Worn out with his efforts, Merill turned and caught the amused, not to say slightly hysterical, look in Witherington's eye.

Merill juttet out his chins. "You know something. Spill it!" His tone changed,— "Aw, come on, kid, you can even spell my name wrong in the newspapers."

Curt hesitated — but newspaperman that he was, he succumbed to the temptation.

"VERY WELL," he said quietly.

A hush fell over the gloomy house. There was tension in the air. The little group grouped themselves more closely together. Strange to say, no one got the group.

The Inspector was cold to the very marrow of his bones as he listened to the gruesome tale that fell from Curt's sensitive lips.

"There is no corpse," he said.

The group looked dumfounded. Merill looked dumb.

"You went at it in the wrong way," he said with a fine sense of tact.

"I was merely trying to open a bottle of—er—liquid. That sharp detonation you mistook for a shot was the cap coming off. The bottle slipped and severed one of my phalanges neatly and concisely in two. That finger you see lying over there is mine. The blood, naturally enough, is mine too. See that bluish tinge?" he finished proudly, with a fine sense of superiority.

"Well," said the Inspector jovially, "that clears that problem up!"

He sat his burly hulk down on Pudgkins, mistaking him for a stool — "pigeon and clear up the mess," crowed Merill triumphantly. "Another case is solved."

FINIS



Prelude to the Frosts

Christine Flynn, '43

Look to the challenge everywhere!
The brightest, strongest flowers the earth now bears,
Taunt the dusty, fading leaves and the duty-weary trees:
 "Ha! We'll be first in Autumn's bed.
 Our heads must off; but you, each leaf must shed."

Frost killed flowers, nearer to the earth
Will tumble quickly, hurtless to the dirt;
While lofty leaves must tear off, twirl and twist long distances
Athwart the storms of wind, of rain, October kissed.

Fallen flowers make no sound.
No scuffling children's feet toss up their petty, pretty crowns,
But seek the gutter's rubbish heap
Of brown leaves, downed, for prankish leaps.

The flowers gave their all in bloom.
The leaves, through masquerades of spring green, summer dull, and
 autumn rust,
Withhold their greatest beauty for the equinoctial glory.
Then with frenzied splurge of color,
Spring to life before their dolor.
In one bright flame, superb, they die,
Razing their canopy for winter skies.

* * *

Churchyard In Autumn

Rita Galipeau, '42

There is no resurrection
Always the murmurs of awakening linger
Filling the air with struggling hope—
But the dead lie still.



Highway Hello Girl

Rosemary Robert, '43

No, I was not a hitchhiker this summer. I was a clerk at the Information Booth, Auburn, at the junction of Routes 12 and 20. With a few other young people, I worked in a geographical atmosphere. There were maps of all the United States on the walls, and stacks of Massachusetts maps on the counter for distribution to travelers who wanted them.

The Fourth of July and Labor Day were our busiest days, when we assisted more than one hundred people each day. The average daily inquiries were from thirty to forty; on Saturdays and Sundays there were from sixty to seventy.

We were expected to be mind readers. One day a distracted man asked us where he had parked his trailer. He could not remember the name of the trailer camp nor its location. We gave him hearty sympathy. He had no use for the maps.

Some people are map collectors. One person asked us for a copy of every map we had. However, he REFUSED one of Cape Cod. I wonder why?

A few accidents broke the routine of information giving. One day a car came skidding down the cut-off hill, and tore through the little fence

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around the booth. Three feet more and car and all would have been inside the booth. Another time two cars collided just out front. I was asked to be a witness, but since I had not seen the actual crash, I refused.

Many soldiers passing through on furlough stopped to chat with us. Some were very enthusiastic about the service, and some were NOT.

The following was unusual. A man asked for routes to the South . . . either to Rhode Island or to Connecticut. He said he had gone north a way, but found it too hot. He thought now that he'd go south.

The places most inquired for were Fort Devens, Camp Edwards, the air bases in New England, St. Anne's Shrine at Fiskdale, the Worcester State Hospital, and Holy Cross College.

Time passed quickly for me, and before I realized it, school opened. I never did have a chance to use any of our pretty maps on a trip myself. But it was fun!

• • •

Dearest Athens, Fare Thee Well

(Being pages from the the diary of Effie Hartocollis, '45, who, with her family, came to America one and one-half years ago, before the Battle of Greece.)

APRIL 30.

"If the weather permits," our teacher said, "we'll go to the country tomorrow to celebrate the coming of the Spring." If the weather permits. . . . I know that all the girls are on their knees tonight praying for a cloudless, sunny day. So am I.

MAY 1.

At five o'clock I arose. The first thing I did was to open the window and look at the sky. It was perfect; deep blue with silver stars, thousands of them. The teacher's words came to my mind: "If the weather permits." I hurried. . . . We all met on the top of the mountain. Oh what a sight, what a sight!

From far below we could hear the song of the sea, we could see the small white boats floating on the water. On the other side there were tall mountains, small mountains, mountains which closed the whole region.

We tried to perceive the city we had left, and the only thing we saw was a small church with a golden cross glowing in the first rays of the sun. We looked at each other and without saying a word, we

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marched towards it. The door was open; a low voice could easily be heard. Who would be there at that hour of the morning? Who else but a priest, an old, old priest? Yes. He was standing over there praying. Alone? No! He had eternity with him. He then decorated the temple with the flowers we had brought. And the priest was still over there, smiling and praying. . . .

We left the small, white church behind us. We were going to meet Demeter's daughter, the Spring herself. We were going to welcome the season of the flowers. The priest opened the gates; we ran through its portals.

At noontime, we modern nymphs danced under the huge trees. Our teacher, living image of Spring, was sitting on the grass. Her black hair had fallen down. All around her the girls had scattered flowers, many flowers. . . . Only Apollo was not there to complete the picture.

JUNE 6.

My last week in Athens. I must go down to Sommio to see again the temple of Poseidon. I'll try to persuade my brother to come with me. It will be my last worship. Who knows when we'll see them again?

JUNE 7.

He will come. We are going tomorrow.

JUNE 8.

It was quite a trip. We passed through small and dirty villages. How many poor children are living in this world! I never realized it until now. . . . My brother's voice interrupted my thoughts. We had arrived. We left the car at the end of the road, and we started to ascend the hill.

There on the cliffs the ancient columns are standing, yellow, living, cut in pieces. They stand over there with stoicism, like a power, silent and proud against the ages. An old melancholy comes out of the ruins of the temple, something that seems like the soul of our ancestors which comes to help us, to soothe our nerves, to give us courage. . . . They are standing over there waiting . . . waiting for what? Maybe for the hurricane that will tear them down. That will be the end of a temple, after the end of a religion.

I looked at my brother. He didn't say a word. What was he thinking of? I needed some self-control not to ask him. . . .

And there we sat, two people of a modern, civilized world, admiring the ruins of a dead world, a world of beauty and culture.

Book Reviews

Keys of the Kingdom

Elizabeth Driscoll, '43

A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom* is, in essence, a book written in all good faith. However, it is one which could be misinterpreted. Despite a few discrepancies, the story is a sincere study of a devoted Catholic missionary. The hero, Francis Chisholm, is not a typical priest because he found himself, more or less, thrust into that profession as the result of a religious disturbance.

The reader gets a very impressive picture of true Scottish country side, its people and its customs. Father Chisholm is born and brought up here. Later on, comparatively unsuccessful in view of his desires to spread faith, he is sent as a missionary to China. Reality permeates all his experiences here to a very conscious degree. Famine, plagues, and repeated destruction of his humble mission do not cause any lessening of his faith. In China, tolerance is again brought out in his friendship with a Protestant missionary, and at the deathbed of his atheistic friend, the doctor. In the author's attempt to have his hero be a true priest, he follows lines of perfection slavishly, and to an unreal or impossible degree. Each character has a definite place in the story, affecting Father Chisholm in some way or other. Anselm Mealey, a pompous, insincere friend of the hero, turns out to be the same type of a priest and bishop. He can easily be dispensed with as an unfair characterization. A rather wonderful sensation is produced when Mr. Chio, a Chinese nobleman, expresses his reason for being converted. The nuns, who are Father Chisholm's assistants in China, are real, live, and exceptional people. The community, converted by an 18th century missionary, exemplifies organized religion as it should be.

After reading this book one is prone to stop and wonder if it is not merely the story of private, not organized religion. The opening chapter contains an inconsistency which might cause disinterest. Priests are not asked to retire because they are old — faith is not based upon age, nor is it based upon new and old methods. But read *Keys of the Kingdom*! It lives!

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Nightfall In Vienna

Elizabeth Doran, '45

The old, carefree times and people in Vienna are gone, and in their place there is a harsh, brutal police force, called the Gestapo. Yes, there is night-

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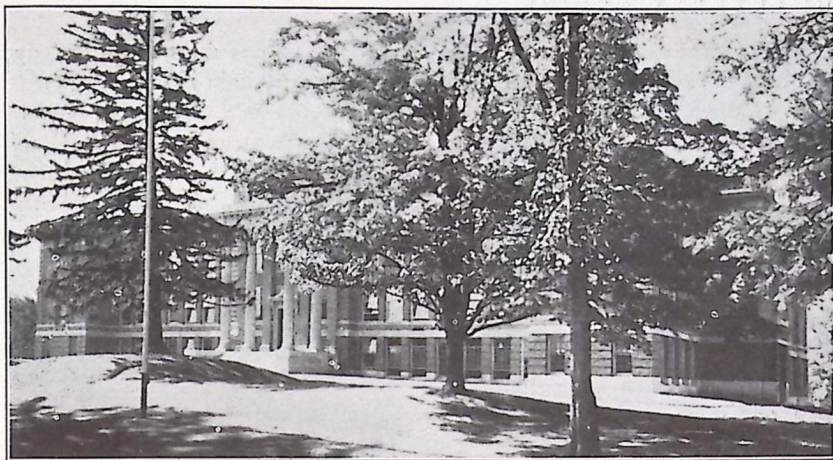
fall in Vienna, Germany. In Carolyn Darling's book *Nightfall In Vienna* we vividly meet the dying forces of that old order represented by Princess Hannele Eulenberg, and the new Nazi society under the domination of Herr Stohr.

When the story opens, we see Beatrice Sumner, an American artist who had come to Austria to paint, at the beautiful Schloss Marling, the country estate of Rudolf von Ende. Von Ende is an Austrian aristocrat who seems to have deserted his country to accept the position of Inspector General under Hitler's government. Anton Behrens, von Ende's cousin, is the most tragic figure in the book, for his whole world is smashed and left in ruins around him by the cruel treatment and merciless slayings of the new order.

Beatrice Sumner makes her first mistake by incurring both the hatred and the sullen admiration of Stohr. Like most other American girls, "Bee" has very definite opinions, and she never fails to express them, much to the consternation of her American protector, Tom Watson, and the silent enjoyment of Rudolf von Ende, who finds the young woman most charming. Matters rise to a stirring climax as Miss Sumner attempts to thwart the Gestapo.

Although such a story presented many opportunities for anti-Hitler propaganda, I found that the author neglected all direct charges and confined herself mainly to story-telling. She discussed calmly and reasonably the problems of the war in relation to Austria, and she showed the dauntless courage of the Austrians as they saw their homes being broken up by a stronger power. *Nightfall In Vienna* is a strong indictment of Naziism and is beautifully told by a woman who must know and understand Austrian customs.





W. S. T. C.

We're Saying On This Campus

Good news for undergrads is the placement record of the class of 1941, for the fate of our late seniors clearly indicates that the opportunities for teachers are rapidly increasing. This is what happened to that fortunate group:

Evelyn Adams is teaching at Westminster; Dale Andersen, Philipston; Rose Briand, Braintree; Enid Carlson, Oxford; Mary Coolaghan, Wilmington; Elizabeth DeWitt, Mendon High School; James Donnelly, right here in Worcester; Dorothy Dwyer, Leicester; Dorothy Eastman, Lancaster.

Frances Feingold, Shrewsbury; Louise Frodigh, Princeton Junior High School; Maxine Hale, Mendon High; Lois Hayward, Millbury;

Barbara Hill, Shirley; Edith Manzi, Webster; Irene Morrison, Hardwick; Mary Murphy, Spencer; Vivian Polley, Royalston; Julia Sheehan, West Brookfield; Viola Siok, Windsor; Muriel Walker, Plymouth, New Hampshire.

Doing substitute work are Paula Casey, Alice Delaney, Josephine George, Doris Goodale, Mary Kearns and Anna Skorupski. Other work has claimed Teresa Croce, who is now a librarian; Robert Miles, doing surveying for the U. S. Government; and Barbara McQuade. Among our old married ladies are Lucy Allen (Mrs. Glenn Nichols); Marian Moreland (Mrs. Fred Howe); Laola Sharp (new name not known); and Anna Howe (Mrs. Albert Stead).

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Ambitious students who have gone on to win a master's degree are Mary Cashen, studying at Boston University, and Doris Hansen, at Clark University.

* * *

No assembly has ever been enjoyed so much by the entertainers as was the one of October eighth.—We liked your singing, too, boys.

* * *

The girl's lounge has been used as a rest room, a study room, and a social club, but this semester is the first time it has served as a tonsorial parlor. Venise Withstandley's attractive new coiffure is the result of Helen LaVigne's skill in wielding the scissors.

* * *

One of our brilliant young orators, Carol Bird, was delivering a little talk on her summer adventures. At the conclusion of her trials as a candy saleswoman, she cited several examples of especially "cute" customers. She sold salt water taffy at forty cents a pound, in the form of candy kisses. This brought forth several questions such as: "When do we start?" or "How much do you weigh?"

* * *

Adolescent psychology was the subject of discussion, and Florida De Mers was standing at the front of Dr. Averill's room, telling the story of a boy who roamed about picking

up little objects that did not belong to him. "He didn't do it for gain—he just couldn't seem to help himself. A very, very sad case," remarked Florida as she picked up Dr. Averill's copy of his text and quietly returned to her seat.

* * *

Two amateur physicists were examining the equipment which was to be used in their experiment. One of the implements was a foot-long thermometer. Queried one of the students, "How'd you like to have your temperature taken with that?"

"Well," said the other, "you'd have to have an awfully big mouth."

Drawled the friend, "Well . . ."

* * *

A discussion of George Washington's isolationist principles in Miss White's American literature class led to a heated argument about our present foreign policy. It seemed that discussion would never stop, what with two ardent male interventionists determined to convert the class to their way of thinking by the reiterated demand — "Fight, fight, fight!" Then Dick Boulay ended the discussion by rising to remark, "The army recruiting office is open every day from nine to five. Meet you there tomorrow, boys!"

* * *

The sophomores were intrigued by their first observation. One of the more enterprising members of the

class, Bob Fox, was not content merely to absorb information, but conducted a little private investigation. Asking one of the little boys in the fourth grade how he liked arithmetic, Bob was shocked to hear, "It's okay as long as you can see the other guy's paper."

* * *

Betty Smith was asked to lead the opening exercises in the school in which she was apprenticing, but she was not informed that the Lord's prayer is not included in the ceremony in that particular school. Betty read from the scriptures and then began, "Our Father . . ." Hearing no response, she continued, "Who art in Heaven." By that time Betty realized that something was wrong, but it was too late to stop, for the

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class sat gazing at her in amazement. "So," explained Betty, "I soloed!" * * *

One of the apprentices in a junior high school was sitting in a bus, listening to the piercing whispers of a group of ninth grade boys in the back seat, and could not help overhearing the following conversation.

"Ya mean she's gonna be a teacher? Gee, that's too bad."

"What's wrong with it if she wants to be a teacher?"

"Well, she's too pretty to be a teacher. Teachers never get hitched."

The apprentice could hardly refrain from turning, but she sat still, conscious of the fact that the boys were looking her over appraisingly. Finally the decision came. "O well, I guess that someone will marry *her*."

Freshman Directory

Barriere, Eleanor E.,	37 Dayton Street, Worcester
Barrios, Alfred R.,	78 Jacques Avenue, Worcester
Barsoum, Elias,	19 Hawley Street, Worcester
Brodsky, Thelma S.,	1 North Woodford Street, Worcester
Cantwell, Dorothy I.,	2 Lake Avenue, North, Worcester
Cove, Maureen B.,	101½ Washburn Street, Worcester
Crowe, Lois E.,	29 Hitchcock Road, Worcester
Cutler, Charlotte I.,	20 Wabash Avenue, Worcester
Doran, Elizabeth M.,	76 Paine Street, Worcester
Ducharme, Annette,	122 Elm Street, Leominster
Dunn, Lorraine E.,	West Main Street, Millbury
Dyer, Arvilla L.,	Main Street, Plainfield
Frazier, Eva T.,	Stafford Street, Rochdale
George, Claire A.,	West Brookfield
Gloster, Patricia,	9 St. Elmo Road, Worcester

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Halley, Margaret M.,	199 Park Avenue, Worcester
Hartocollis, Effie	126 Coolidge Road, Worcester
Holden, Dorothy E.,	1004A Main Street, Worcester
Holm, Anna E.,	21 Steele Street, Worcester
Israelian, Mary N.,	33 Oberlin Street, Worcester
Johnson, Carol L.,	184 Clark Street, Worcester
Kane, Katherine V.,	83 Charlotte Street, Worcester
Kelliher, Eleanor C.,	24 Howland Terrace, Worcester
Kelley, Fred R.,	201 Ingleside Avenue, Worcester
Kenary, Marie,	25 Coolidge Road, Worcester
Kennedy, Elizabeth C.,	Craig Road, Rochdale
Lacouture, Phyllis M.,	West Main Street, Millbury
Ledoux, Yvette A.,	Central Street, South Bellingham
Marsh, Janet,	138 East Main Street, Northboro
Marshall, Susan,	Lovell Street, Holden
McCann, Marion M.,	55 Longfellow Road, Worcester
McDonough, Robert R.,	468 Park Avenue, Worcester
Messier, Lillian L.,	5 Dale Street, Rochdale
Palmer, Virginia M.,	162 Auburn Street, Auburn
Reardon, Judith A.,	9 Wrentham Road, Worcester
Runstein, Matilda,	100 Washington Avenue, Chelsea
Russin, Martha,	15 Park Street, Hudson
Shaw, Maybelle W.,	479 School Street, Athol
Sheahan, Virginia,	257 Chandler Street, Worcester
Slein, Alice,	19 Vesper Street, Worcester
Spongberg, Betty J.,	10 Monica Road, Worcester
Sullivan, Leo M.,	205 Fairmont Avenue, Worcester
Syversen, Alice A.,	32 Hope Street, Millville
Terroy, M. Celestine,	Pleasant Street, Barre
Therrien, Shirley E.,	23 Zabelle Avenue, Worcester
Trupin, Ruth A.,	43 Pleasant Street, Clinton
Wentworth, Eleanor F.,	111 Clark Street, Worcester

Advanced Standing

Campbell, Anne, Faculty House, Clark University, Worcester	
Erickson, Rigmor,	21 Whipple Street, Worcester
Hargrove, Harold G.,	13 Croyden Road, Worcester
Namen, Hanna A.,	349 Park Avenue, Worcester
O'Flynn, Genevieve,	21 Fiske Street, Worcester



JANUARY 1942

Quarterly Review

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
AT WORCESTER

Quarterly Review

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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Editorials

This Business of Teaching

OUR TEXT BOOKS in education tell us much of the values and rewards of the teaching profession. They tell us, enticingly enough, of the intangible returns received through the success of one's pupils; of the gratitude expressed in later life by one's naughtiest problems; of the nobility of the profession; of the social prestige attached to it. And, getting down to the practical side of things, we read of the security of teaching tenure; of the teachers' pension plans; and of the relatively long vacations. But these inducements are not enough to satisfy the college student, just about to make her decision as to her life work. She wants something immediate, something definite; some promise that she will find happiness in her profession. All the assurances of the text book are not enough to make her believe that she will not develop into the proverbial, self-sacrificing old schoolmarm. The books, stressing professional dignity and ethics, tend to make the whole business sound stuffy and dull, in spite of the efforts of the authors. It is only through the word of the student teachers who come back to college each Friday from their actual teaching situations, that the truth is learned: Teaching is fun — and teachers can actually have a rollicking good time!

"How do you like it?", or, "How can you stand it?" are the sympathetic queries directed each Friday at the returned apprentices. And when the questioner is told, "I'm just crazy about it," she usually comes to the conclusion that the poor senior is putting up a very brave front, and hopes that she will be able to appear as happy when she is in the midst of the ordeal of teaching. The strange thing about it is that the student teachers, this year, at least, are perfectly sincere. True, they work harder than they ever did before, but as a result of that work, they have lively, interesting lessons which teacher and pupils enjoy hugely. A poll taken in the Senior Secondary group showed that a large number of girls don't want to come back to college for the last semester, and would gladly continue to teach until June if they could have official permission. Some are very sad at the prospect of returning, and know that they will miss their young charges dreadfully.

Perhaps it is because she is new, and young; perhaps it is because she is near high-school age, and understands the feelings and problems of the high-school student. Whatever the reason, most of the apprentices have been having a wonderful time with their pupils; they have been the confidants

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of the youngsters with whom they have been associated; they have loved working with them, as they have never enjoyed school work before; and when they bubble over with enthusiasm about their "children", they are not just putting on an act. They love teaching, and no one is more surprised than they.

• • •

This, Our America . . .

IT SEEMS like just the day before yesterday that someone picked up a newspaper and read, "Adolf Hitler comes to his 'macht'." If only an accompanying cartoon might have conjured up a picture of Pandora's box being opened, exposing a malignant little creature, ex-paperhanger, hullabalooing about the superiority of something called an Aryan race! The picture might have rocked America's sides because it reminded one of a slightly hysterical Charlie Chaplin at his funniest burlesquing. Anyway, it was 1933, and we were too busy racking our brains putting complicated jig-saw puzzles together, hanging elaborate N.R.A. banners in our windows, and reviewing our A.B.C.'s with the aid of the much-talked-of New Deal.

1941! America with its fad-fickleness has turned to the conga, laughed itself silly over "Hellzapoppin'," exhausted "Marie Elena," and re-elected Franklin D. Roosevelt. In the interim Adolf, the mad, inflated the ego of flaxen-haired Germans, and turned them from a complacent people loving their kuchen and Schiller into a cold-blooded mob with a swastika for their god. Then he tore to shreds the peace of 1918, for which millions gave their lives, spat on the freedoms of quiet little democracies, and then hit below the belt his neighbors whose fields looked ripe for the robbing. At first America laughed it off as one unmeaningly laughs at the antics of a crazed mind. But the laugh died on her lips, and she shrugged her shoulders. Gradually concern replaced indifference, and her kind heart warmed to troubled friends.

America's generous embrace went out to those ostracized members of the Aryan state, as she went on jitterbugging, singing "Roll out the Barrel", gobbling up *Gone With the Wind*, going ecstatic over Gable, copying Hedy Lamarr's hairdress, getting frightened by the genius of Orson Welles, discovering William Saroyan, and calling Dorothy Thompson, "Cassandra".

They were happy days, busy days. Days of reading distracted newspapers, then contentedly reclining in one's armchair with the exclamation, "Gee, I'm sure glad I live in America!"

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That was until a quiet Sunday afternoon when the evils let loose in '33 hit us below the belt. For a moment we staggered against the ropes, but only for a moment. Then the import of that blow hit us hard, and like wild-fire our inherent love of country united us one-hundred thirty million strong, and that dormant patriotism and realization of what we had and were came to the surface. What have we to fight for? Why, it's this, our America!

It's Maine canned corn and Aroostock potatoes. It's black walnuts and hickory nuts. It's maple syrup over Vermont wheat cakes. It's oysters on the half shell from Chesapeake Bay. It's the apples from the Shenandoah. It's the corn pone in our mountains. It's the fields of rice and sugar in Louisiana. It's the miles of corn, and wheat, and cotton.

It's the ferryboats on the Hudson, and the skyscrapers peering through the clouds. It's the teeming subway and the crowded el. It's the population of New York City — Russian, Italian, German, Polish, Irish, Austrian, Swedish, English; Hungarian, Rumanian, Canadian, Scotch, Norwegian, Lithuanian, Greek; French, Danish, Dutch, Spanish, Jewish; Welsh, Chinese, Syrian, Finnish.

It's honeymoons at Niagara Falls. It's the Mohawk Trail in autumn. It's snowtrains in the highlands. It's dams with 36,000 horse power turbine water wheels. It's sailing in Nantucket. It's Atlantic City.

It's hot dog stands and carnivals. It's razor hogs and county fairs. It's the 5 o'clock whistle. It's week-ends and golf. It's trailers and "tin-can" tourists. It's football games and raccoon coats. It's mail-order catalogues.

It's Popeye and Spinach. It's Hollywood and movie fans. It's Mickey Mouse and Superman. It's reversibles and saddle shoes. It's campuses and sweaters. It's cokes and cigarettes. It's Santa Claus!

It's combines and tractors. It's iron and steel and flaming furnaces. It's steam and transmission lines. It's refrigerators and Buicks. It's the apple blossom queen and Mothers' Day.

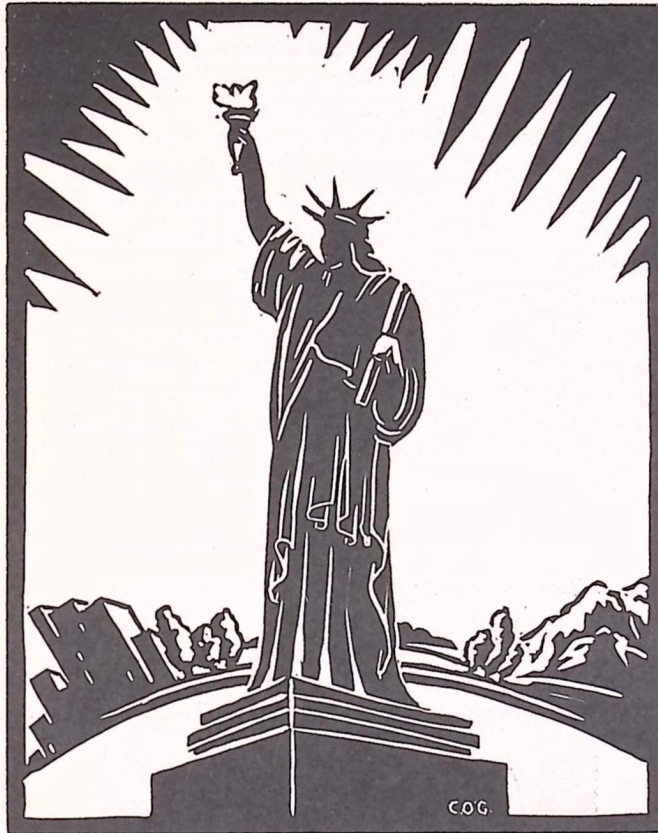
It's the Dust Bowl and the Celery Delta. It's Navajo blankets and Hopi farms. It's the cowboy and wild broncos. It's the rodeo and the Rockies. It's the Ozark and the Ouichita. It's the Father of Waters.

It's Hawthorne and Emerson. It's the Cherryblossoms in Washington. It's the Lincoln Memorial and Mount Vernon. It's Plymouth Rock and the Statue of Liberty!

It's snow-capped mountains, tawny deserts, and black prairies! It's roaring oceans, rivers, streams! It's life! It's liberty! It's the pursuit of happiness! It's this, our America!

E. L.

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War Comes to S. T. C.

A SUDDEN, INFAMOUS ATTACK has shocked the United States into action; hundreds of thousands of young men have already responded to the call of our government to active service. The war has hit all of us personally, and it has come directly to the college with the enlistment in the United States Marine Corps of Robert Fox, the first man to go from Worcester State Teachers College. Bob could have chosen no finer branch of service, for the Marine Corps is the oldest branch of military service in our country, and is famed throughout the world for its bravery and its faculty for being Johnny-on-the-spot in times of need.

Bob has been the chief executive of the Sophomore class from the time of its organization, and his competent leadership will be a loss to both the class and the school. The Men's Athletic Association has also been deprived of a fine basketball player.

We are proud of Bob's spirit in enlisting at the outbreak of the war. He did not go to break the monotony of school life, or in the spirit of adventure. He felt that the country had a job to do, and that it was his duty to have a share in doing it. It is our sincere hope that with Bob in the line, the Marines will soon have the situation well in hand, and he will be back with us at S.T.C.



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My People

Paulina Shawmut, '44

The mist spun icy fingers in the darkness
The fog was heavy
The chill penetrated the very marrow of the nite
A world of form was lost from human sight
I heard a cry . . .

A silence, like of death, sent tremors through me
My heart turned cold
No sound reached out its arms from out the grayness
The mist hung on a breath of stillness
I heard a cry . . .

A low moan found its way up to my window
A cold hand touched me
And icy fingers clutched my arm in tragic clasp
Then, words dropped from lips that could but gasp
This was the cry . . .

"Your people perish endless in the darkness
You let them die
They stretch their bony fingers aged with weariness
And yet their eyes can gaze on you with tenderness"
This was the cry . . .

"A demon delights to see their red blood run
I saw it too
Stretch forth *your* hand and aid your suffering brethren
And tear us from a hell that is eternal!"
This was the cry . . .

And then, a tear fell out of nowhere on my hand
That trembled still
The mist wrapped arms of comfort close around me
The soft moan fading, I felt my heart was dying
That was the cry.

S. J. C. Echoes

"War is a game. We play it for generations."

"War without emotion is impossible."

DR. GUY WINSLOW.

* * *

"Wordsworth said 'Hello' to nature."

MISS KATHRYN O'DONNELL.

* * *

"Twentieth century concept of a woman,—'Let's be pals!'"

"Legend is the handmaid of history."

MISS MARGUERITE MCKELLIGETT.

* * *

"The best teacher is the one whose pupil excels her."

"When you are a master you can break the rules."

MISS MARGARET BANIGAN.

* * *

"On Sunday they pray in church; on Monday they prey on their fellow citizens."

"If you don't get an M.R.S. degree when you're graduated you've flunked the course."

DR. ALBERT FARNSWORTH.

* * *

"Many Kadelians have the degree of MRS, and a good many have won the title of MAMA."

MR. EDMUND OSBORNE.

* * *

"If we had the ears to hear, we'd hear a rose open."

"When wars are ended and man puts his genius to fighting disease, we'll have a Utopia."

DR. LAWRENCE AVERILL.

* * *

"I won't feed you biology through a straw."

MISS AGNES SCRIBNER.

* * *

"We follow the religions of our mothers, and the politics of our fathers."

"The can-opener is the greatest aid to a woman who wants a career."

MR. FRANCIS JONES.

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"If you want your contract renewed, don't flash an engagement ring in the superintendent's eye."

MR. JOSEPH RIORDAN.

• • •

Dear Robert,

Gertrude Hunt, '43

Dear Robert,

When I received your letter, my heart stopped. Oh, yes, really it did. . . .

My face paled and my hands trembled — just as any old-fashioned heroine who finds herself left in the lurch. If you had postponed telling me a little longer, I'd have been tempted to sing that old song you (ironically enough) taught me,—"Here Am I, Left Waiting At the Church,—O Girls, What Are We Going To Do?"

Please don't think I'm a female Pagliacci — laughing in a Dorothy Parker manner, to hide a broken heart. If my heart broke, you would hear the crack above the roar of a six-engine bomber, if there is any such thing.

By the way, don't forget to cancel those tickets on the plane — oh dear, there goes my practical mind again. You often warned me about being too practical. . . .

You know, Robert, when I found that you were jilting me, my very practical self sat down and asked me, "Is it Halitosis?" "Could I learn to play the Sax and become the life of the Party?" "Should I use the 'Soap of the Stars'?"

After taking stock, I came to the egotistical conclusion that my virtues greatly outweigh any faults.

That's it! Why didn't I think of it before? I'm too *good* for you! That makes me feel better — but not much.

I suppose I'm not fooling you in the least, am I, Robert?

Do you want to know how the 'inside dope' really feels? Well, she feels a little like she used to, when she went into a Latin Composition class without her sentences translated. She feels a little like the day she cut into a frog and found it not quite so well preserved as the Biology professor claimed. She feels like — Dante's Inferno — always the lady, Robert, no swearing.

But enough of this idle chatter,—I might as well be asinine throughout and end with a stalwart "Carry On! — Chin Up! and Stout Fella!" (which seems insulting — figuratively speaking).

"Till death do us part,"

Pandora who certainly let loose all the troubles in the world on top of her, when she opened the box you were kept in. . . .

A Letter That Was Never Sent

Effe Hartocollis, '45

September . . .

Dear Mother,

Every morning while I finish the reading of the latest front-page news, without finding anything about Greece, I murmur with delight: "Pas de nouvelles, bonnes nouvelles." But this does not prevent my being anxious. I know that Greece is still not invaded, but, what about you? Your letters, that should calm my anxiety, delayed so much now. . . . And the days pass with the same routine. Nothing to attract our sad thoughts to new horizons. None endeavor for a nobler occupation. The darkness of the war covers everything.

Oh, Mother! How to believe in a nobler life, how to make plans for the future when you see the ruins of London? How to be happy when the shadows of thousands dead are before your eyes, when the cries of the hungry and unsheltered children sound in your ears? . . . And the life passes, a day comes and brings another day, the same thoughts are our company.

Perhaps I haven't any reasons to say those discouraging words, to feel so melancholy. The social events are frequent in our society, dances, weddings, and — but I didn't tell you about the last convention did I?

It was arranged in Boston. People from every part of America were there. The known faces, strange names were they, until a phrase melted the frost. "So you speak ancient Greek, too? From what part . . ." and the conversation started thus in order to become a friendship for a night only. It is nice to find friends for an evening, to exchange opinions, to hear about their distant countries. You know that the next day the person who has spoken to you will become a stranger again. The quick end gives to these relationships their incomparable charm.

I danced, Mother, with someone. I forget now, his name, his frankness, even his real existence. But I do remember his soft voice mixed with music. I don't know what was music and what his words; I don't want to know. I see the whole evening as a pure affair of my imagination.

The convention finished, everybody started his regular life again. Some memories with some dead flowers locked in a drawer are the epilogue. You see, Mother, these events don't touch our hearts. They don't even bother our thoughts. The life goes on as usual.

I read my letter. Oh! What awful things I have written! Poor Mother! I know that you will be so worried about me if you have a chance to read it. You are able to forget yourself and your agony for the future, for my own

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sake. No, I don't want to give you a heartache. So, I shall tear this paper, and in the meantime a nice, gay letter will be in your hands. I shall speak to you about my excellent mood, about the beautiful autumn days. I'll describe for you the picturesque meadows, the red leaves, the squirrels and their graceful poses. And you will never learn my real thoughts. Perhaps it is better for me too, to forget them or to suppose that I have never thought of such silly things.

Your beloved daughter,

EFTYRIA

• • •

We, The People

H. Anthony Namen

AS DEMOCRATIC PEOPLE, we are by nature lovers of peace; we are pacific in our desires and aims, but we are not "Pacifists." In our broadening vision of a fraternity of mankind, we are willing also to fight for the safety of our principles everywhere and for the security of all the peoples in a true and orderly liberty. That is the position which we have taken as democratic people at this critical hour in our lives.

The thing which we all desired — peace — has failed, and the thing that we all feared — war — has come. Through the insane clique of Japanese militarists, the blow came to us without warning, and we have suffered; but the issue is clear: it is the people's struggle for right, for liberty, for civilization against the dark forces of despotism and barbarism.

Our job is more than to defeat Japan, which we shall do. So long as there are wolves, "sheep cannot form a safe community." Recognizing the common danger, we go to total war, united as never before, to defend our way of life and freedom which we all hold dear, and to restore order to the world. Without wavering, and with the same courage and enduring perseverance as in the past, we are to be victors for civilization and the world, without thought of national or individual advantages.

There can be no doubt of the ultimate victory of the cause to which we have committed ourselves. The world never turns back; it moves always forward, always upward. The passion of freedom cannot be quenched or shaken. History shows again and again the futile attempts of villains who have sought to crush it; freedom has remained and will remain unshaken. With faith in our efforts, "this government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth."

Book Reviews

H. M. Pulham, Esquire

Augusta Copper, '42

AGAIN Boston and Boston's first families are the subjects for one of J. P. Marquand's satirical, finely drawn pen portraits, his latest novel, *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*.

Harry Pulham is a Gentleman, St. Swithin's, Harvard, class of 1915, replete with school spirit, class spirit, enthusiasm for the annual Harvard-Yale-you-know-what; however, Harry is different from the well-known character type of Bojl Brown, rah-rah man and know-it-all busybody, and that other familiar type, Bill, cynical outsider, scoffer, man of the world, who laughs at Harry's Hub provincialism. Harry is full of conflicts and doubts. He is continually pushed into situations which he dislikes, but is too timid to wiggle out of them. His traditional bringing up, from old-fashioned parents and a "gentleman's school" to Harvard and Beacon Hill society implant in him inhibitions too great to surmount. H. M.'s one fling, when he secures work with his old school chum, radical Bill, in a New York advertising agency, is the one really exhilarating episode in his pathetically dull existence. It was at this time that he met the fascinating Marvin Myles, a kind of girl altogether different from the Boston debutantes he knew. How surprised Boston Brahmins would have been to see their own repressed Harry going from door to door with free, unconventional Marvin, washing clothing articles for surprised Bronx and Battery housewives in an advertising stunt for a new soap.

Harry's brief romantic interlude with Marvin remains for him an unforgettable memory, for he resists her attempt to alienate him from Boston and his inhibitions, and returns to the Hub to marry his childhood friend, Kay, of approved Boston social standing. With Kay he leads a life in which, by turns, mutual irritation and apathy are shared. And yet, Harry, after years of bickering and dullness, attending boring dinners and playing boring tennis games, says to Bill, "Kay and I have been happy together."

Bill and I shook our heads sadly.

This tale is told in a series of flashbacks, similar to Marquand's other prize-winning novel of a New England family, *Wickford Point*. Harry Pulham is a settled family man when an imminent class reunion calls forth memories of his life since graduation with the famous class of 1915. And so through his own eyes we see him and his friends with their virtues and faults.

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Marquand's characters are extremely human, and consequently, extremely irritating. One frequently gets the overpowering desire, while reading, to stand face to face with Harry Pulham, shake him and say, "Why don't you get a little spunk, boy", for people are continually stepping on Harry, using him, putting him on the defensive. Kay, his wife, is very humanly ordinary. His children are something less than human. You will have been sure to have seen a Bobo Brown at some time, and a Bill, if you move in Sophisticated Circles. Marvin, I would say, is the most engaging character in these pages. She alone has lovable and loving qualities.

Marquand remembers that life is most frequently unexciting and unsatisfying; seldom do real humans have the courage to take moments of ideal excitement and spin them out into a life's adventure. This book shows humans who sidestep the unknown, the unexpected paths, and try to convince themselves that a life of mediocrity has been "golden".

• • •

Shake Hands with the Dragon

Virginia Rose, '42

In *Shake Hands with the Dragon*, Carl Glick, athletic director of Chinatown Boys' Club in New York, depicts in a new light the Chinese people and their customs.

We, the people of the West, do not understand these people from the East and their strange mannerisms, but they are a nation who, in a foreign land, have in their own way shown us many fine virtues. They possess an insatiable sense of humor, an undying loyalty to their ideals, and regard the faith of their ancestors, whom they reverence, as a duty.

In home life they cling to many of the customs of the Orient, believing that large families insure comforts in old age. Their method of selecting marriageable people is amusing; a professional matchmaker analyzes the young couple and makes all arrangements between the families, considering the good of the country before the desires of the individual.

True, the Chinese have their hatchetmen and self-appointed gangsters, but many of the sinister stories of their misdemeanors are without foundation. Juvenile delinquency is practically unknown among Chinese youth. In one particularly interesting chapter, a youth commits a crime, but neighbors, questioned by police searching for the culprit, refuse to reveal his name. Feeling that shame is upon the neighborhood when the guilty party does not confess, they select a volunteer to admit guilt, so shielding the good name of the neighborhood.

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American-born Chinese are studious, and apply themselves zealously to the learning advantages that our schools offer. Also noteworthy are their ideals of consideration and assistance for others.

The Chinese-American strong patriotism may be cited by the fact that on conscription day, at exactly six o'clock in the morning, the Chinese arrived at registration stations in full force, ready to show that they were truly American citizens.

• • •

The Snow Goose

Jeanne Boyden, '43

A book that's short, but not too short; a book that's fine in every sense; a book that leaves you deeply stirred; such is Paul Gallico's *The Snow Goose*. It is the heartwarming story of a crippled man's search for happiness — the happiness that comes from loving all things: love of beauty, love of nature, love of wild creatures, and through these, finally, the love of a woman, too great to be expressed. Phillip's and Fritha's love for one another grew in such an unusual way, under such very odd circumstances, that it could not end as most loves do; yet it was a love which culminated in happiness through service to country. And through it all, the snow goose, real yet symbolic, symbolizing all that is pure and fine and true.

The Snow Goose is a war story — of Dunkirk, as the troops were waiting, hoping and despairing, for aid they could not be sure was coming. Through the smoke and fog and harrow that is war, those who saw the snow goose overhead, amidst the awful pallor, dared to hope that help was on the way. And those who were saved through their vision of the snow goose still glory in telling their versions of the story, all different, but all similar.

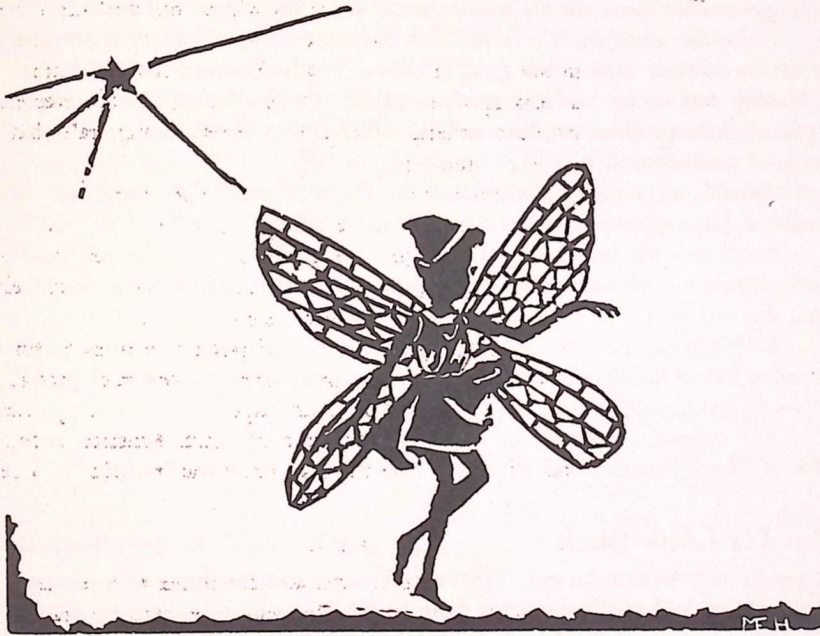


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Stardust

Christine Flynn, '43

White gentle snow, like jewel sprites
Swarming down the night:
Are you the clustered friction sparks
That stars make
As they rotate
On Winter's frigid Arc?



With the Junior John Gunthers

Junior geography majors have taken as their topic of study this semester our neighbors, the Latin Americans. Each one wrote her term paper on a different phase of Latin American life, and by the end of the term, the class as a unit might well set itself up as an authority on the region. Quoting one of the research students, Eleanor DeMille, "It was discouraging to sit in the Boston Public Library for two hours waiting for a cherished bit of source material, only to have a grinning college boy return with a slip, 'Book is not on shelf,' or, 'Book not in this department.' But in spite of the many difficulties, the material we have gathered is interesting and valuable."

With its junior Gunthers as guides, then, the *QUARTERLY* takes you Inside Latin America.

Minerals of South America

Agrippina Macewicz, '43

FOR THREE CENTURIES, South America and minerals were synonymous. The Spanish and Portuguese were interested mainly in gold and silver, and they ignored the baser metals which surround the more precious ones.

Today the condition is reversed, and the baser metals are more important to South America than either gold or silver. South American minerals play a leading role in the defense industry of the western hemisphere, because in South America there are the essential minerals that are necessary for war-material production.

Bauxite, an important ingredient in the production of aluminum, is found in large quantities in British and Dutch Guianas.

Brazil has the largest deposit of iron ore in the world. This is especially significant because without this deposit it is believed that the world's iron deposits would be exhausted within a century.

Bolivia is the possessor of large quantities of tin and tungsten — Chile is noted for its nitrate and copper — Venezuela has large quantities of petroleum — and Colombia is an important source of platinum.

The mineral production of South America is small in comparison with that of North America, and with what it is likely to be in the future.

* * *

Let Us Look Back

Gertrude Hunt, '43

PROUD TEMPLES of the past, fortresses, terraces, and dwellings with pottery, textiles, and gold ornaments, these are the traces of antiquity, the nostalgic remembrances of the Incas.

The Peruvian Indians held sway from what is now Chile, north through Peru and Bolivia into Ecuador, and their population is said to be between 8,000,000 and 12,000,000.

One of the most interesting indications of the Incas' ingenuity is the

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stupendous ramparts made with huge stones, found at their ancient capital Cuzco, in Peru. No mortar was used, yet after centuries, the stones lie so cunningly fitted to each other that it is impossible to insert the blade of a knife between them.

There is still the mystery of the unanswered question: Were the Incas standing at the beginnings of Civilization, or did they represent a culture like that of Egypt, and more advanced than that of their Spanish conquerors? As yet we do not know.

* * *

Geographic Influences and Relations to Diseases of Latin America

Jeanne Boyden, '43

HEALTH or lack of health is a subject which affects all of us everywhere. My research so far has impressed me in several ways. I never before realized there were so many different diseases. There are listed over seventy-five tropical diseases and over forty diseases of temperate latitudes.

Altitude makes many places in the tropic habitable — Mexico City is a good example. Unfortunately, altitude slows up the process of digestion. For this reason the Mexicans and other highland people eat such hot foods as chile to stimulate the flow of gastric juices. Inflammatory effects, irritations, ulcers, and infections of the intestines, are counteracted by drinking pulque and chicha. In the Andes region the people chew coca leaves to offset the effect of altitude, thus forming the cocaine habit.

The continued glare of intense tropical sunlight is a factor contributing to nervousness and lack of self control.

* * *

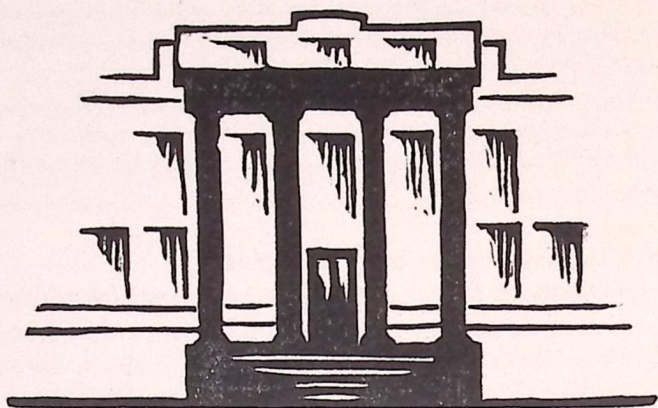
The Role of Geography in the Culture of Mexico

Kathryn Stafford, '43

THE AVERAGE PERSON thinks of Mexico, not as the land of milk and honey, but as a gay land of sombreros, pulque, and a love for leisure.

These are merely parts of the culture of Mexico and do not present a clear picture of the country as a whole.

The Mexican people are an intense nationality, as is shown by their many revolutions and their love for bright, though well-blended colors. The Mexican has taken part of the personality of the many classes of people from whom he is descended, and this is perhaps one of the reasons for his uniqueness as a nationality. The more one knows of the Mexican the better he likes him, and so we should not judge our "poor brother south of the border" until we have some understanding of his make-up.



W. S. T. C.
We're Saying On This Campus

The Senior Elementaries had completed a unit in the teaching of nature study, and were being questioned as to their desires for future topics for research. "I'd like to study the stars," proclaimed Kathleen Sweeney.

"And how would you suggest we go about it?" inquired Miss Scribner. "You wouldn't go out at night and go star-gazing, would you?"

Kathleen made no reply, but her classmates were eager to respond. "Oh, wouldn't she!" they chorused. "Kathleen is an expert, with a technique all her own!"

* * *

The Senior Secondaries, during a study of the different types of ob-

jective tests in Mr. Riordan's class in Secondary Education, attempted one quiz which aimed to reveal the presence or absence of artistic taste. It was sixth hour, and the students were jaded from the grind of classes straight through from eight o'clock, with noon hour in which class and extra-curricular activities had to be caught up with. No one was feeling particularly appreciative of the finer things of life, and the test results showed it. Anthony Namen, surveying his answers ruefully, thought he had the solution to the problem. *Everyone* couldn't possibly have almost *all* wrong, and so he turned to the tester. "Are you sure you're reading the right answers?" he demanded.

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Lillian Gordon, apprenticing at Canterbury Street School, helped the Kindergarten teacher take forty-nine children to visit Santa Claus in a down-town department store, and she described her feelings and activities most realistically. All were interested, but Mr. Riordan faced the question with the viewpoint of the practical teacher. "Did you lose any?" he asked seriously.

* * *

Members of the Worcester Branch, American League of Penwomen, were guests at a highly successful supper party given in our dining hall by the Literary Club. Each penwoman gave a short autobiographical sketch of herself and of what she has done in the literary field. Then they turned to our girls. "How many in the club have had any material published?" they inquired.

When assured by the president that our Literary Club is active largely from the angle of appreciation, the visitors were very much interested, and were heard to remark, "Thank heaven there are *some* literateurs who can appreciate the work of others!"

* * *

An assignment to the Senior Secondary Speech class was a series of diagrams showing the positions of all speech organs in the production of each sound in the English language. While the text furnishes sketchy discussions of each sound,

the trustworthy Seniors were not satisfied to accept "book-larnin'," and decided to do some investigating themselves. One conscientious miss spent two hours before the living-room mirror, gurgling, humming, oohing and aahing, trying to catch a glimpse of her soft palate for each different sound. She has a tolerant family, but after a while they began to look at her a bit queerly.

Finally, her mother entered the room, armed with a cup of salt-water solution. "For goodness' sake!" she exclaimed. "If your throat is that sore, it certainly won't help to stand there all day and look at it. Take this and do something about it!"

* * *

The Dramatic Club, as usual, was a great success in its annual production, and belied all prophecies that it couldn't possibly be as good as it was last year. Special pats on the back go to William Cousins, Jr., who went on with the show in spite of such a bad cold that he could hardly speak. Betty Koss, in her third straight "dumb" role in three years, proved herself a master at that type of characterization, and Aldonna Lapinskas, in her stage debut, gave great promise of what may be in the next play.

* * *

It must have been two freshmen who were overheard one day deep in a discussion of what we have for lunch. One of them was a little

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puzzled by the cafeteria menu which offered, "Fresh shoulder, peas, and mashed potatoes." "Is fresh shoulder pork?" she queried.

"Oh no," came the reassuring response, "but it's very similar."

* * *

It was at play rehearsal one night before the performance, and the first night that Bob Fox had seen the full show. He happened to arrive at the beginning of the second act, when a large part of the cast was distributed about the stage, each with the hilt of a knife protruding from his back. Foxie took one look at the scene of cold horror and dolefully intoned, "Ah, mid-years."

* * *

All of us are interested in conferences, but to one who actually attends, a CONFERENCE is a never-to-be-forgotten event, to be referred to frequently in hushed tones, and to be quoted at every occasion. Two sophomores were discussing the Phil Spitalny program, which has for some time been featuring undergraduate singers from various colleges. The first sophomore asked her companion's opinion of the Boston University representative. "Oh, I thought she was very good," was the reply. "She sang AT THE CONFERENCE, you know."

"That must be nice," politely returned the questioner. "How does it go?"

The loss of the sophomore class president to the U. S. Marine Corps has caused a great deal of annoyance to the rest of our male students, who are continually being asked by the public at large, "Well, when are *you* going to enlist?" This is a question to which John Melia has an excellent answer: "It's polite to wait until you're asked."

* * *

The news of the war brought to all of us new viewpoints, and as a result, new problems. Venise Withstandley's problem, though it may not have occurred to anybody else, may become one of ours.

"Oh, dear," she moaned, "What'll I do — what'll I do?"

"What's the matter?" someone asked.

"I don't know what to do," Venise replied, "I don't want to shoot the Chinese but I can't tell them from the Japanese." Fortunately their only similarity lies in appearance.

* * *

Just as the Bach choir was about to leave for its recital at Fort Devens, Ann Brown received a very important phone call from Bettie Bennett containing the message "Mr. and Mrs. Ratt announce the birth of two children." No, the proud parents are not mutual friends of the two seniors; merely the recent acquisitions of the nature study class—two white mice.

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Miss O'Donnell, in an attempt to get Jacqueline Pollard to put more feeling into her part in the Community Chest play, suggested that as Dickie Boulay's loving foster mother, she put her arm around him. When this proved to be of no help, Miss O'Donnell asked Louise Sponberg to enact the part and demonstrate how it should be done. Louise evidently felt the need of inspiration too, for she asked, "May I put my arms around Dickie, too?"

* * *

The Human Geography class was discussing the cyclonic climate in the Midwest.

Dr. Shaw had just told the group how many people were fooled into buying farms by the opulence and beauty of the region during a wet season. Dr. Shaw's father had been

one of those unfortunate persons, and now during a dry season it belongs to Dr. Shaw and his brother. "But," says Dr. Shaw, "we are hoping for a wet season to get rid of it."

* * *

The Bach Choir trooped to Fort Devens one evening to bring joy and Christmas cheer to the soldiers in the hospital. They approached a huge, forbidding gate, guarded by a stern-faced soldier carrying a formidable gun. After a few terse questions, the girls began to get a little jittery and wondered if they looked that much like spies. Finally little Anne McAuliffe spoke up bravely. "Oh, don't pay any attention to him—he's just trying to assert his authority."

With the Student Teachers

Mildred Ogren was faced with a moot question in her science class—What came first, the tadpole or the egg? Mildred thought back desperately to Darwin, and then threw science to the winds. "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?" she countered. To her relief, the child was satisfied.

* * *

Another young lady deals with the gum-chewing situation by asking the offender if he has enough to pass around to all members of the class. If he has not, she sweetly

explains how rude it is to eat when the others are not eating, and the child, ashamed, disposes of his gum. But once she met with an unexpected reply. "Have you enough gum for everyone, John?" she queried, as usual.

"Yes, ma'am," exclaimed the child, pulling five packages from his pocket.

"Well, pass it around," said the teacher weakly. However, the episode cost the boy a quarter, and he has not repeated the offense.

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"Who is Dolly Madison?" asked Shirley Widerberg of a lad in her class on the War of 1812.

The boy blushed furiously. "How does she know?" he muttered. And at the end of the class, his friend spoke. "Gosh, Miss Widerberg, you sure got his girlfriend's number!"

* * *

It is seldom that a student is able to think of the retort proper when his teacher makes a belittling remark, but our student teachers have had some perfect replies in the face of which they had hard work to keep from laughing.

One sophisticated youngster was being especially troublesome in a study hall, and refused to heed the polite admonitions of his teacher that he had a great deal of work to do. Finally she approached his desk and said, "I'm just itching to give you a detention slip."

To which the recalcitrant pupil replied, "And I'm just scratching to get one."

Florence Newfield's Civics class was acting as a court, and carrying a single case through all the stages of appeal. The battle was waging fast and furious, when one attorney rose to point out to the judge that the witness for the plaintiff was reading her testimony. The attorney for the plaintiff leaped to his feet. "Your Honor!" he protested. "It's not my fault if she's reading it! I specially told her to memorize it!"

* * *

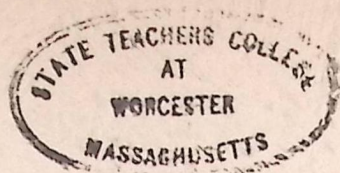
A ten-year old genius made a valuable contribution to Mary O'Neil's fifth-grade discussion of the manufactures of the western United States. "Miss O'Neil, in Hollywood they manufacture beauties," he offered.

* * *

Reply to Lill Gordon's test question, What are the qualifications for the United States Senate?

1. Must have good character.
2. Must be married.
3. Must be able to talk for three hours without getting hoarse.





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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
AT WORCESTER

Quarterly Review

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The Quarterly Review

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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Editorials

The Verdict

A GROUP of Senior Secondaries, just in from teaching, had gathered in front of the bulletin board to compare notes. Excitement and enjoyment ran high, as each returned apprentice told of her amusing experiences, of the sad farewells at parting, of regret at leaving her school, and of the perfectly wonderful time she had had out teaching, when Miss Foster joined the group. "You really enjoyed it, didn't you?" she remarked. "I wish you could spread the idea that it was so much fun. The Junior Elementaries are just going out, and they act as if they were going to visit the dentist! Why don't you Seniors do something about it?"

The result was an S.T.C. poll at the next meeting of the Senior class, with questionnaires unsigned so that no Senior would hesitate to express her real opinion. This was the result:

1. Did you enjoy your apprenticeship?

A. Yes — 100%

B. No — 0%

One rarely finds a profession all of whose members are satisfied, and so we feel a real sense of achievement when we realize that all members of the class are happy in the work that they have chosen. Some of the more enthusiastic voters were not content to answer the question with a mere "yes". Six exclamation points were found after some of the replies, and "But definitely!" after others.

2. How much did you like teaching?

A. Very much excited - love it — 60%

B. Mildly excited - lukewarm — 34%

C. Neutral — 6%

Evidence of the majority opinion came in short notes at the end of the ballot — "Crazy about it . . ." — "Perfect time . . ." — "Had more fun!"

3. Would you have liked to stay out teaching for the rest of the year?

A. Yes — 57%

B. No — 43%

This proportion really gives little indication of the full sentiment of the class, for many of the "no's" qualified their replies by stating that under any other conditions they would have wanted to stay out, but as college students, they wanted to return to campus life; on the other hand, some of the "yes" group added that they missed the college.

4. Were you frightened at the idea of going out teaching?

A. Yes — 84%

B. No — 16%

"Scared to death" was the feeling of most members of the class of '42

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as they looked forward to apprenticeship. However, a brave 16% had no trepidations, and the other 84% does not understand, now, what was so terrifying.

5. Now that you have tried it, do you still want to teach?

A. Yes — 91%

B. No — 9%

Since the 9% voting "no" coincides quite nicely with the 9% contemplating matrimony, no inconsistency is shown by this vote. Remarks of majority voters were "Certainly do!!!!" and "The sooner the better!"

6. What did you like most about your apprenticeship?

A. The children — 77%

B. Associations with faculty members — 17%

C. Activity programs — 6%

Many stated that it was hard to choose between "a" and "b", but they selected "a" because the children formed a more integral part of the teaching program than did associations with faculty members.

7. Did you dislike anything about your teaching experience?

A. Fridays — 39%

B. Discipline problems — 28%

C. Supervision — 24%

D. Lack of responsibility for own class — 9%

The return to college on Friday makes one a dual personality, is the consensus. Once a week student teachers are jerked out of absorption with teaching, and must settle down to studying and preparing for Friday classes. Besides, it interrupts the continuity of projects being carried on with the children. Discipline is always disagreeable, and the more tender-hearted teachers disliked having to make anyone unhappy. As for supervision, the class realizes that it is essential, and cannot work out any more feasible plans, but even an expert dislikes the feeling of tension which inevitably arises when he knows that he is being watched critically. However, many critic teachers noted with surprise and satisfaction that the girls and the supervisors were actually friends!

Typical comments at the end of the questionnaires indicate the general feeling—

"I found teaching as an apprentice fascinating, and nerve-racking" — "I learned to appreciate the full values of the progressive way of education" — "My apprenticeship was the realization of a life-long ambition" — "The best part of teacher-preparation" — "I hated to leave!"

"Makes teaching much more real, when you have to change your theoretical principles to fit the actual situations" — "The naughty ones were my favorites" — "Best part of my college career" — "A stimulating experience which

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I shall always value whether or not I ever teach."

"I loved contacts with real children" — "I got 'that feeling'" — "A grand thrill" — "I want to be queen of my own classroom, from dusting desks to evaluation of Johnny's marks" — "Contact with children as individuals was fun, but as a group, oh my!" — "Progressive education isn't what it's supposed to be" — "There's nothing so effective as activity" — "A great experience, exciting, interesting, and different" — "Had a grand time" — "A feeling of accomplishment."

"Something swell to remember" — "Had a wonderful time — wish I were still there."

• • •

What Are We Doing?

THE REPORT of the college Council on Defense Activities indicates that, besides sending some of her sons into the armed forces of our nation, State Teachers College is actively participating in civilian defense. Anyone doubting the cold facts and figures presented by the Council might visit the gymnasium any Tuesday afternoon and watch seventy-one determined students and faculty members grimly applying bandages and concentrating on methods of artificial respiration. These most obvious indications of war work are supported by the efforts of many individual students, practically all of whom are engaged in at least one type of defense activity.

The college Defense Council has prepared explicit directions for air-raid procedure, and has appointed wardens and leaders for all types of emergencies. The familiar words, "Keep cool," have stared at us for so long from the front board of each classroom that no student would dare do anything else.

Outside of actual group work at the college, students have volunteered their services for such organizations as the Women's Civilian Defense Corps, in which one of our Seniors is a lieutenant; the United Service Organization, for which thirty-eight girls have acted as hostesses; and Observation Posts, at which some of our students are serving periods of watch, while others are doing telephone duty and secretarial work. Four fire wardens, two post wardens, and seven air-raid wardens are found in our student body, while those unable to give time to these courses have taken up home nursing work and bandage rolling, or have learned to knit and study at the same time.

Our committee on the sale of defense stamps and bonds has made an unusual record, due both to student cooperation and to exceptional sales ability. Many students have indicated not only willingness, but strong desire to add to their war-time activities as soon as the pressure of studies is relieved by summer vacation.



Struttin' Along

Paulyne Dick, '42

HAVE YOU ever strutted down Main Street at the head of a brilliantly uniformed band? Have you ever tooted your way through the center of town, luring out housewives to contribute their old pots and pans to Uncle Sam's aluminum drive? Have you ever been the only feminine member of a college band for men only? Well, if you haven't, try these things some day. They're fun!

Drum-majoring has come to be a family affair with us. Arlyne (that's the other half of the Dick twins) and I began it in our junior year at Classical High School, here in Worcester, and the fifth drum-major and youngest member of the Dicks is now carrying on the tradition as a freshman at Classical. We have combined twirling with tap-dancing so giving both

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fingers and toes a chance to go to town.

Twirling and drum-majoring require a great deal of rhythm, if they are to be done well. If you have it, all you need is a good snappy march to make you want to start juggling the batons. It is also very pretty to watch, for it is flashy and breath-taking. My sisters and I have found twirling lighted batons in the dark very effective; each one of the three carries two batons, lighted at both ends, so that we have six circles going round at the same time. We form different figures with them, and many people compare the result with colored Fourth of July fireworks — without the noise.

Any type of entertainment takes one to many different places. We have either twirled or played in every New England state, and in several others as well. One also meets many people, and we have gained hundreds of friends during our travels. We have twirled and marched with several college bands, with American Legion drum and bugle corps, and with all kinds of school musical organizations. One band with which we particularly enjoyed working was the Hampton Beach Band, with which we spent a week one summer. Bill Eliot, "the singing cop from Hampton Beach," was the master of ceremonies, and we met several well-known instrumental artists and vocalists who also took part in the programs. We have toured with several revues, and played in many of the theatres of Maine with Bert Collins, a popular manager. However, most of our work is for such groups as the Masons, the Elks, Rotary Clubs, and annual dinners of industrial concerns and churches.

As troupers, we get the inside story on many theatrical tricks. One that always amuses me greatly is watching magicians do their acts, from a vantage point backstage, from which their secret pockets and rabbit containers are clearly visible. One magician who was making rabbits and white mice appear by uttering magic words offered to give us the rabbits and mice after the evening performance, for magicians find it easier to buy new ones than to keep the same animals and care for them. However, all we had to do was to suggest the word "mouse" to Mother, and we were warned not to come home that night, if we were planning to bring our furry friends with us. Our explanations that they were perfectly tame were to no avail, and we never became the owners of the little beasts, much to the regret of our brothers.

The first time we were asked for autographs was a high spot in our lives. We had just finished our act, and were coming down from the stage, when a woman, holding an autograph book and pencil in her outstretched hand, asked anxiously, "Will you please give me your autographs?" You can imagine how important we felt that evening, and for several days afterward.

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Arlyne, Paulyne, and Hedy LaMarr!

Then, of course, we shall never forget our first appearance on the stage of our college, when, as freshmen, we were about to present a program before the terrifying upperclassmen. We were mounting the steps, all ready to play "Titl's Serenade," when somehow, my foot hit Arlyne's trumpet, pushing it against her mouth and knocking off half of her front tooth. The expression on her face would have been funny, if it weren't tragic. The result was that Arlyne could not blow the trumpet, and the college never heard "Titl's Serenade." (Lucky for the audience!!) (Editor's note — lucky in more ways than one, for it gave the college a way in which to tell the twins apart. Now all we have to do is to remember which twin broke the tooth!)

Last summer I made further use of my music by becoming a member of the faculty of the New England Music Camp, in Oakland, Maine. I taught drum-majoring and baton-twirling, as well as flute and piccolo, to a group of high-school age boys and girls from all parts of the country. I had in one of my classes a little French refugee boy who could hardly speak English, and so I was forced to revive my slight knowledge of high-school French. Another student came all the way from the Panama Canal Zone. Other duties included twirling exhibitions at the Sunday afternoon Bowl concerts, at faculty concerts, and at such events as the Skowhegan Fair.

We have fun performing in public, but when the Dicks get together, we really do things with our one-family band. As a matter-of-fact, our one-family band requires a one-family house, because our jam sessions would drive any peace-loving neighbor insane. It's our vocation, and our avocation, for we make good use of our playing and twirling, and we have a grand time doing it.

• • •

A Little Bit of Heaven

Betty Smith, '42

SURE THEY CALL IT IRELAND! As the gate opened I saw, not the Emerald Isle, but rather that 1700-acre campus with forty-five buildings forming a T-shaped main quadrangle with numerous side courts, called Notre Dame University. Here the Murphys, the Loughtons, the Schultzes, the DuBois, the Lemanskis and the Goldsteins have a unity of purpose backed by the spirit of the "fighting Irish". Never was good sportsmanship better exemplified than at the Notre Dame football rally the night before the Notre Dame-Illinois game. Twenty-five hundred rooters, the football players, Frank Leahy, Mr. Cochrane, sports editor of the Hearst Newspapers, the Notre Dame Band, and guests began the rally by a wholehearted cheer for Illinois, the visiting team. Frank Leahy again showed the wonderful spirit when

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he said of the team, "If they win, we are proud of them; if they lose to a superior team, and conduct themselves as good sports, we are prouder of them." The Notre Dame Glee Club dressed in top hat, white tie, and tails, stood in the main quadrangle, silhouetted by spotlights, and topped the performance by singing the Illinois and Notre Dame victory songs.

A mad dash followed this, a hurried preparation for the Cotillion. Fourteen hundred lads and lassies danced to the music of Jimmy Joy and felt that they were in animal land, for the decorations consisted of clever sketches of roosters with their wings around hens; these were supplemented by other animal pictures. The only difference from real animal land was that we did not retire so early as roosters do.

No cars were allowed at the dance. Everyone arrived in taxis. The following day I overheard a fellow say, "See the lady with the new fur coat; I'll bet her husband is a taxi cab driver." A dance wouldn't be a success without something to eat afterwards. Every last one of the fourteen hundred stormed Percy's Hamburg Shop for cheeseburgers and cokes. Notre Dame rules are obeyed, so everyone hurried home to sleep the few remaining hours.

The "Fighting Irish" were provided one of the loveliest days I have ever seen to trim the Illini. The University of Illinois, however, which boasts the largest college band in the country, one hundred and eighty-five pieces, thrilled the spectators with formations led by a drum major dressed as an Indian.

The Victory Dance, informal, gay, and successful, was attended by twenty-five hundred celebrants who lost faith in the art of dancing, for, capable as these people were, they simply couldn't disapprove the fact "that more than one object cannot occupy the same place at the same time."

Sunday morning the Sacred Heart Church was filled to capacity. The church contains an altar of gold carved by Bernini, who helped to decorate St. Peter's nearly three hundred years ago. This is the only Bernini work in America.

Notre Dame — a city without women — a campus boasting police, a fire department, a game warden, a modern power plant (which heats, pumps water for plumbing, and generates electricity), a laundry, a Post Office, watch, shoe repair, and tailor shops, a barber shop, and a recreational center at the beautiful Rockne Memorial. All this without women — and the wonderful part about it is, St. Mary's is just across the lake.

On the last day, after a scrumptious chicken dinner in the huge cafeteria, most of the guests left, but because of train conditions, I stayed until evening. In the remaining time I made a tour of the Log Chapel, where Notre Dame men get married, the Art Museum, the Rockne Memorial, and the

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Grotto of the Blessed Virgin. Thus, when my train arrived, I stood smiling, for in my mind were memories, in my suitcase a beautiful yearbook and a Notre Dame band hat, and on my sweater, a Notre Dame pin.

• • •

Postcard Memorabilia of Kappa Delta Pi's Delegate to San Francisco

Gladys Walley, '42

HERE IS A GLOSSY PHOTOCARD on the first page of the album. Just a little to the right of the center background is a shiny snow-capped mountain. It is a singular peak with flanks as regular as Fujiama's and likewise suspended in mid-air above a calm river and peaceful city below. The scene is evidently photographed from a grassy hill directly opposite the mountain from this clean white city. Here and there to the left and righthand sides of the postal rise small hillocks on which one can distinguish beautiful residences (somewhat Spanish in architecture with stuccoed walls and iron grillings) surrounded by symmetrical waxy trees.

This postcard is to remind the spectator of the view of Mount Hood, Oregon, as seen from Council Crest.

On the opposite page one finds another city. At first glance one would think he were looking out over the city of New York at night from the Empire State Building. But, no, there at the right running diagonally off the upper corner is a bracelet of amber lights laid carefully upon a glistening black background. Closer scrutiny and a giant span bridge rises out of a broad inlet, disappearing in the distance across it. Another bracelet of lights—this time brilliant blue-white—forms the other arm of the V traveling diagonally up the lefthand side of the card. A million starry lights make up the apex of the V and the foreground of the card. Lights slip off the sides of hills here and there and tumble down into valleys where they are concentrated.

If one turns this photocard over, he will find that it is taken from atop the Mark Hopkins' Cocktail Bar in San Francisco.

Another page in the album presents a second glossy postcard, but rather dark. On the left is a quiet, broad stream flowing out from under a low archway of feathery trees and giant spreading ferns. It resembles a tropical rainforest scene in beauty. In the center a pathway fairly beckons one on into an intriguing wood composed of enormous trees with gnarly burls protruding from every fluted trunk. In the center of the card, toward the end of the needle-covered path, there appears to be a grassy opening surrounded by majestic trees rising over 100 feet in the air. At the top we are told branches of feathery needles all but form a roof of lace, except for a small

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medallion of sky in the center.

These are the redwoods of the Muir Woods in Morin County, California.

The last postcard is again in color. Broad, very flat, brilliant green plains carry the eye into the distance, where a series of snowy pinnacles and a heavenly blue sky make up the backdrop. In the foreground, at scattered intervals, beautiful chestnut horses graze placidly, with single orange trees standing near-by just weighted down with fruit, and here and there a palm or two. Just under the irregular mountain peaks in the background is an orchard of apricots in full bloom. Trees and snow melt into each other. One wonders whether Jack Frost was not a little careless in painting this scene, letting his paint run over the edges.

Thus Mount Lassen appears to the traveller on his way down California via the Cascade route.



The Saga of Virile Cyrile or What We Need Is a Good Five Cent Indian

Trudy Hunt, '43

Once upon a modern time
In the land of Mexico,
Lived an Indian as black as soot,
With feet as white as snow.

Tripping on the mountains
And leaping to and fro,
To world affairs he wasn't hep
Or strictly in the know.

Unsuspecting, carefree, he
Slid blithely down a slope
Into the arms of husky Huns,
Who howled and roped the dope.

Asked if he was all alone,
He said, "There ain't no mo'."
And contemplatively sat down
And wiggled his big toe.

The Germans saw he had no pep,
That he was in the doldrums,
They ordered him to join them in
Their work with the Fifth Columns.

Sadly,—In his hand a pen,
On his cheek a tyril,
He wrote upon the dotted line
The name of "Virile Cyrile."

At this the Germans laughed so hard
They fell into a stupor,
While Cyrile wished forlornly for
A name like Chickelgruber.

THEN Cyrile started in to fume
For they called him a droop.

And being full of vitamins
He knocked them for a loop.

As he dropped them in the ocean
He saw some big guns flame.
The blue Pacific was not as
Pacific as its name.

He waved goodbye to Mexico,
He took it on the lam.
He hopped into his small canoe
And paddled to Japan.

As he neared the island where
There lived the Japanese,
An odor wafted out to him,
Resembling Roquefort Cheese.

He heard the nation's theme song,
And it was sung with fire,—
"The Rising Sun is setting
On the Britishers' Empire,

We Singapore song fiercely,
We Burma up the road,—
And Sumatra time we travel south
To where it ain't so coad."

Virile Cyrile was the kind
Who caught on mighty quick.
He saw that these were Japanese
That he would have to lick.

Cyrile swore,—(he swore with vim)
"I will quell this riot,—
For all I want is a little piece
Of a lil' peace and quiet."

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With this wistful sigh unheard
He paddled to a bank.
But when he got there, Cyrile saw
Upon the bank,—A TANK!!

But the tank had been deserted
And our hero hopped in,—
And the Japanese proceeded
To get their heads bopped in.

He traveled north, south, east, west,
He mowed them high and low,
For Cyrile was determined
To keep the Status Quo.

And Cyrile kept his smooth veneer
While nipping Nipponese,
For every time he sliced a head
He said,—“Excuse it please.”

And Cyrile was the only one
Who kept his head, and so
When asked to what he owed success
He shyly whispered low,—

“I owe it all to Cream of Wheat
Which was my only diet,
And all I want is a lil’ piece
Of a lil’ peace and quiet.”

So back he paddled his canoe
To his Mexico.
And there he lives, content to be
In his status quo.

Take this adventure to your hearts
All you who listened to
Virile Cyrile’s Saga, and
Go paddle YOUR canoe.

• • •

Before Breakfast

Virginia Sheahan, '45

THE INFANT WAVES, rushed along by an eager breeze, lopped at my feet, and then scurried back; a few more daring ones built little eddies around me as I waded along the shore. I was alone, except for a leisurely gull which veered landward and flapped over my head. A black and gray speck leaned on the horizon, a vagabond steamer. Everything was cool and clean, and foretasted of thrill.

The silver-and-gold beach led to a mound of gray rock far in the distance. It was mysterious and enchanting in the half light of dawn, and I set out to investigate it.

As I splashed along, the mound gradually came closer, until at last it loomed before me, rough and challenging. It stretched like a peninsula deep into the ocean, and the water lashed each rock into line.

I had to get over those rocks. There must be something wonderful on the other side that they guarded the way so militantly. Using the jutting tufts of dune grass for support, I stumbled up, slipping sometimes on the damp moss and seaweed which capped each stone. At last I reached the top, and stood taller than anything else around me. I looked down — and there was a ship! A wrecked skeleton of a fore-and-aft schooner, lying at rakish keel,

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her hull split wide across the bottom, her bow resting in a wedge of rock, and her stern settled back in the sand like an old dog on its haunches.

For a moment I stood awestruck, not so much as taking a breath. And then I started down the craggy ladder, sliding and running until I reached the ship. I ran my hands over her side. The paint was worn entirely off, and the wood and steel frame was weathered and rusty. She leaned so far to the starboard that I could touch her deck rail. It was worm-eaten, and it wobbled as I grasped it to climb aboard. When my feet hit the deck, the whole boardwork creaked. A coiled rope nearby was well on its way to disintegration, and fragments of hemp rolled around when the wind stirred. Otherwise everything was ship-shape. The masts had broken off near their bases, and lay together on the deck, their sails tied trimly as if they had just been taken in; and there was no trace of rigging.

With more outward sang-froid than inward, I decided to go below. There were four steps down, and they looked well-preserved. Holding the gleaming hand-rail, I crawled down, and found myself in a small, trig cabin upholstered in leather and walnut. There were two decked bunks, a built-in desk with matching chair, and a morris chair. Under the bunks was an open chest, which I proceeded to explore. Its contents proved to be one moth-eaten blanket and one in good condition, a cruise cap, two brass buttons, a hunting knife and sheath, a 1921 edition of the Bible, and a suit of long underwear. All was amusing but unrevealing.

I looked around again, to make certain that I had missed nothing. The room was bare of all knick-knacks and small articles that make up lived-in quarters. But I spied what looked like a door, although it had no knob or handle. I closed my eyes, and pushed. It opened soundlessly, and let escape a mixture of very familiar odors. Paint and tobacco. I opened my eyes, and there on the floor in front of me was a can of Dutch Boy beside a humidior of Prince Albert.

But it was the shelves of this closet that held my attention. They were lined with well dusted and cared for books — dozens of law texts, readings in Latin, a stack of *Harvard Lampoons*; a shelf devoted to the study of economics; several histories of the United States; Sandburg's biography of Lincoln; a fat volume on the Marxist theory; poems of Goethe; Maupassant; and *The Grapes of Wrath*.

By this time I felt that I was prepared for anything that might happen. I could have faced a ghost without too many qualms. But I jumped when I heard a yell of very human laughter, and saw in the cabin-way an absurdly tall young man in dirty slacks and a clean sweatshirt.

"How do you like my boat?" he grinned.

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"Your boat?" I echoed inanely, sparring for time to get a grip on myself.

"Well, by my rights of squatter sovereignty. It's in the family, anyway. It was the pride of my Uncle David in his wilder days. But one night he steered her into these rocks, and split her open, so she's been here ever since. He bought the land and put a fence around her. . . . See," he pointed through the porthole to a strip of barbed wire across the beach, "and now I have an exclusive summer residence."

"Your Uncle David sounds like an intriguing individual," I murmured.

"He is. He bought the deserted lighthouse on the sound, and has lived there since he retired from his law practice last year. Have you had breakfast? Uncle David keeps chickens and a cow. I just got some eggs and milk."

So we scrambled the eggs.

• • •

Requiem

Rita Galipeau, '42

Beating, beating drums of the Indians
Into the dusk of memory lingering
Gone to the Manitou, gone to their rest
Souls of the Bronze Men gone to the West.

Deep in the forests, along the trails
Hear the wind carry the mournful tale
Beating, beating drums of the Indians
Up through the trees voices are bringing
Tales of the Red Man, tales of their foe
Spirits of freedom, spirits of woe.

Sighing, crying voice of the Indians
Into the dusk of memory lingering
Gone to the Manitou, gone to their rest
Souls of the Bronze Men, gone to the West.

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The Voice of Experience

Thelma Brodsky, '45

A freshman is easily recognized. It is he who seeks advice before a mid-year examination. He has not yet learned that advice is the most accessible article of all time — despite priorities. A freshman is he who innocently asks a sophomore, "How did you study for your first mid-year?" Never was a question more unsuspectingly put. The reply of the average student is so disheartening as to make one wonder whether it is worth while living to have to endure the untold suffering of one who has not studied all term, and therefore must try to swallow in one dose the nourishment of months. The reply of the "real" student (and I use the word advisedly) is equally discouraging. A two hour review of all material hardly seems sufficient, even if one has done his homework — monthly!

Poor freshman! He tries greener pastures. But the advice of a junior is no less disturbing. After all, life doesn't begin until the junior year. The world is coming to an end. There is no place to turn. One simply does not ask advice of a senior — well, not that kind of advice anyway!

But wait, there is one ray of hope. After all, professors are kindly souls. Their golden words of wisdom must surely be of value. And so, to make doubly sure of success, not one, but every instructor is interrogated.

Oh, woe! How can they all have such divergent ideas? Is it possible to review the notes one cannot read? Is it possible to think of the material in terms of an essay type test or a true-false test that one can answer himself? How can the rest of the material be studied if much time is devoted to learning chapter headings in a history book? And when parents wonder if, after all, perhaps it might be better to speak to the authorities about doing away with mid-year examinations, there is little wonder why the seekers of knowledge do not protest.

But despite talk and wishful thinking to the effect that maybe someone will drop a bomb on him, the fateful day of examination does come for the freshman. He staggers into the appointed room for his first test. He is haggard from loss of sleep, upset by nervous indigestion, confused by so many people so seemingly calm. The blue lines on the paper put him in mind of the bars of a more sinister institution.

As the minutes click electrically away, he wonders whether the steady ticking of the old-fashioned clock would be less nerve-racking than this constant click, click of the modern clock with its suggestive sound of an empty gun barrel, leading to thoughts of suicide. But, miraculously, the time passes, and the test is over. The poor freshman hobbles home to prepare for the next day's examination, and thus the routine continues until the week is over and the next nerve-racking session is at a safe distance in the

future.

It is really surprising how rapidly a person can change from the advice-seeker to the advice-giver. Yes sir, a freshman is easily recognized. It is he who after a few months of constant association with people in search of knowledge can offer the best of advice as to preparation — "the only way to learn it is to learn it."

• • •

Ah Wilderness!

Fred Kelley, '45

THE GREAT mysterious New England forests hold a fascinating allure to the dweller of a city. Tales of Indians and explorers make one's heart beat at a furious pace, and slowly the lust for camping creeps into the unsuspecting person's mind. . . .

Merrily, on the first day of their vacation, the parlor-campers are off to the nearest sporting goods store to purchase a myriad of unnecessary and useless pieces of equipment. This done, they pack and anxiously await the train or car that will take them to the forest. (They can already smell the pine and sweet-fern.)

At last they arrive, gaze with awe at the view and commence to unpack. They ferociously attack the setting up of the tent, only to learn that the honorable tent will not be ferociously set up. By hook or by crook, mostly the latter, camp is finally erected in the stereotyped pattern, and the cooking of the supper ensues. . . . The luscious steak that haunted them on the journey out lies before them, a crisp piece of charcoal with assorted sand, leaves, and twigs as condiments. The pioneer style of cooking provides as many thrills and injuries as a four-alarm hotel fire. (The blaze was almost as big, anyway.)

Hungry and exhausted, our dauntless heroes creep into the tent and look forward to a cool night on the soft grass, away from the noises of the city. The night is cool, but the never-failing horde of mosquitoes invades the tent and prepares for an evening's repast. The ground is soft, except for the rocks that are under their backs, no matter which way they squirm. The noises of the city are behind, indeed, but far from disturbing noises strike the ears of the campers. Terrible images enter their minds; they see themselves devoured by wild beasts. Sleep is impossible.

When dawn arrives, minutes seem like hours. Breakfast results in tragedies similar to those of the supper. The pancakes are garnished with unfortunate insects that were trapped in the syrup, with ashes as an added attraction.

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By noon, a telephone call has been made, and a car is on its way out to rescue "Les Miserables," who can barely pack because of stiff joints and a general "hang-over".

At home, back in their natural habitat, our friends appreciate civilization and its benefits to the utmost extent. In the future, they will be content to look at the forests in the pages of their favorite magazine.

* * *

S. J. C. Echoes

"Before the war, I showed you lovely pictures of where to go on your honeymoon; then we sat aside as onlookers, and discussed the situation; then Holland was attacked, and I was at war, and you were not. Now, for the first time, we are both at war, and can discuss it as allies."

DR. SAMUEL VANVALKENBURG.

* * *

"We may go back to the horse and buggy days, without the horse and buggy."

DR. GUY WINSLOW.

* * *

"There has been no victory won by Japan against comparable forces. Swift achievements go with the advantage of surprise, and we may expect her to go on to even more victories till she encounters a concentration of force comparable to what she has amassed. Then she will be utterly destroyed, for Americans have won the fight whenever the odds have not exceeded six to one."

MR. JAMES POWERS.

* * *

"It is the things you come to care about and determine to have that you will get. This is why we have liberty, and why we are fighting to protect it."

PRES. CLINTON CARPENTER.

* * *

"Democracy is two dimensional, involving the individual's making the most of self, and the group sharing."

MISS MARGARET CLARK.

* * *

"The taverns all had taprooms that fired the patriotism that resulted in revolution."

MR. CHARLES AYERS.

* * *

"The very nicest antiques will hold their dignity everywhere."

MISS ELEANOR SHAW.

Book Review

Tar Heels

Shirley Widerberg, '42

TAR HEELS" — caused by that sticky dirt (like tar) which even two washings failed to remove from his heels — characterizes, in similar manner, the adhesiveness which Jonathan Daniels has for his native state, North Carolina. This loyalty, however, does not give him a biased attitude, for he presents the good and the bad in the same paragraph. We see North Carolina with its Dukes, Hamptons, and Frank Graham, with its strawberries, tobacco, and cotton, with its ari-stock-racy, "lintheads," and "niggers," with its red river, mountains, and Duke University.

"We Begin" by leaving his district school and progressing through twenty-three chapters which give the political, social, economic, and cultural conditions in the "Tar Heel" state, as they are today and as they were in the past.

"Strawberry Babies" reveals the social conditions existing in those sections responsible for those red, juicy jewels. Those migrant workers, the pickers, produce annually a crop of berries and of babies, and under conditions which would be most abhorrent to any social worker. These are partially alleviated by working standards among the "golden weed" — that lemon colored leaf responsible for your Lucky Strikes and Camels, particularly the latter. The origin of the name "Camel" for that cigarette brand is attributed to the manufacturer, Reynolds. Taking his children to Barnum and Bailey's Circus in Winston-Salem, he saw a camel. That was a short name; it sounded Turkish. Why not? Immediately he had an attendant take the animal's picture, and it is the same camel (plus palm tree and pyramid) which decorates the package of Camels today. Another developing industry, in addition to strawberries and tobacco, is Negro insurance. One of the famous Duke family interested his Negro barber in that business, with the result that Durham is the "biggest Negro insurance city in the world." In connection with that race, we must not neglect the fact that North Carolina rates high in murders. Daniels attributed this point to the lack of police protection offered to the Negro. They let him alone, and rather than settle his disputes in the law courts, the blackman takes care of them himself.

One interested in education would find the chapters on North Carolina schools enlightening. The famous Duke University has revealed by its scientific discoveries and its football teams that it "takes after" its founder, Buck Duke, a fighting tobacco ruler. Schools for younger children, on the other

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hand, rank very low in relation to other schools in the United States. Teachers who are well trained are hard to obtain; school terms are short; curriculums are inadequate, since they do not prepare boys and girls for life after school days are completed. Therefore, while North Carolina's birth rate and number of children are high, school attendance is low; very few go to high school and even fewer go to college.

Those who have read *A Southerner Discovers New England* and *A Southerner Discovers the South* know the friendly satire which accompanies the writings of Jonathan Daniels. In this latest book, we find this same satirical style, flavored with a genial love of his native state, colored by interesting dialogue and historical information, enriched by a pictorial map of the state, and all blended to make *Tar Heels* Jonathan Daniel's most valuable book.

• • •

Lullaby of a Spirit Mother

Christine Flynn, '43

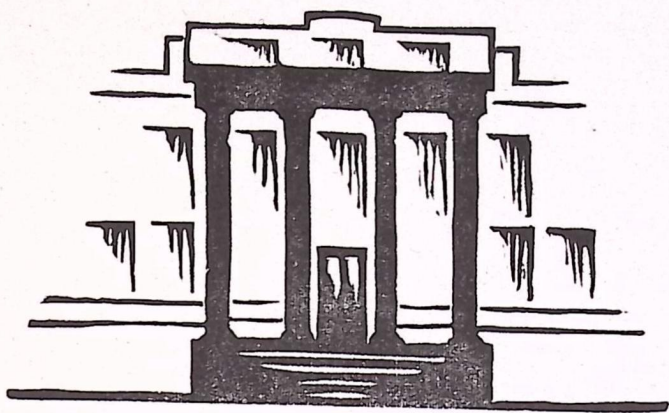
Ah yes, bursting bombs are music, dear,
Don't be scared, pet, listen clear:
Mommy wants her own child Here.
Bang, bye-low, Bang!

I'm watching yet, pet.
Your little feet are wet,
Your pensive face is set.
Bang, bye-low, Bang!

The colors Here are black and white.
My shadow can be seen at night,
And when you feel me near: No fright!
Bang, bye-low, Bang!

Your cheeks that once were pink and cleaned,
Now with patina gray, from comforts weaned,
Presage the other World, the one Unseen.
Bang, bye-low, Bang!

I'll greet you smiling at the Gate, small Kate,
With Grandma, Daddy. We'll celebrate
Again your birthday, August, late.
Bang, bye-low, Bang.



W. S. T. C.
We're Saying On This Campus

"You can't toss a person up and say, 'O, I guess he's worth ninety-eight cents'," declared Mr. Riordan, expounding on the value of the individual.

"Chemically you can," observed Lillian Gordon.

"Maybe they'll find something else of value in us," countered Mr. Riordan.

Frances Hopkins blanched. "I hope not!" she exclaimed. Then they'd try to sell us for something!"

* * *

Florida DeMers had given a vivid case study of a sadly maladjusted adolescent, and was in the process of describing a very definite remedy for the unfortunate individual. Suddenly she interrupted herself with, "Miss Copper is shaking her head

so vigorously that I'm beginning to change my opinion!"

* * *

Effie Hartocollis gave the Senior World Lit class a very enlightening talk on Greece, and concluded her discussion by teaching the group a few Greek phrases. On a return visit a few weeks later, she asked if anyone recalled any of the expressions, and found that only one had remained firmly fixed in the Seniors' minds — one sounding, in general, like "Say agapo". The translation? Need you ask? "I love you."

* * *

Dr. Farnsworth was considerably worried, because Miss Margaret Phillips of ski fame was to speak at chapel the next day, and had promised to appear in complete ski cos-

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tume with all equipment, but the grass was still green on the campus, in spite of months of winter. "I need snow for my assembly tomorrow!" he muttered. The great storm which almost kept Miss Phillips stuck in a snowdrift may thus be traced to our assembly chairman.

* * *

We never knew Virginia McWilliam to be a man-hater, but she gave herself away when she was chairman at a panel discussion of the International Relations Club. "A talk will be given by each girl," she began brightly. Then, noting the titter that ran through the audience, she turned, surveyed her panel members, made definite note of its male members, and completely unruffled, revised her statement. "I mean, each one of *them*."

* * *

The First Aid class involves a lot of work, but it's a lot of fun, too. Many students are enjoying the sight of faculty members frowning, with them, over test questions!

* * *

One is apt to get a bit whimsical riding on the decrepit State Teacher's Special every morning at 8:30, but there is a limit. This limit is reached with the explanation of a certain Mr. Kelley of the freshman class as to the reason for the length of dachshunds. Quote: "That's so if the dog happens to belong in a big family everybody can pat him at once." Unquote.

Ought we to be insulted or flattered? Remarked a soldier at Fort Devens, where some of our girls have volunteered to serve as U.S.O. hostesses, "Gosh, I never saw a bunch of teachers that looked less like teachers! Wish I could go back to school!"

* * *

Betty Haslam, who is seldom absent, was noted to be missing from her seat one Monday morning. "What can be the matter with Betty?" wondered a classmate aloud.

"She visited me yesterday," explained Madeleine Brodeur. Other samplers of Madeleine's cooking — Take warning.

* * *

This bit of humor must be credited to Miss Banigan of the faculty. Three would-be feminine music lovers went to attend a concert and arrived at the hall a few minutes after the performance had begun. Anxious to air the meager amount of musical knowledge that each possessed they began to comment on the opening selection. "My, isn't that the sextet from Lucia?" said Mrs. A.

"Oh but you're wrong, my dear," quote Mrs. B. "That's Lullaby from Jocelyn." The third matron had advanced a little way down the aisle to read a posted notice and came hurrying back to interrupt, "Oh, but you're both wrong. That's Refrain from Spitting."

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Dr. Shaw's very severe cold was the cause of many interesting tone effects in geography lectures. As much as the class tried it could not remain sober in the face of some very queer squeaks. After a few minutes of ill-concealed amusement on the part of the class, Dr. Shaw gravely announced, "Starting tomorrow, there will be a charge of ten cents for admission."

* * *

This is Mr. Osborne's explanation of an impossible condition in a locus problem. "There was a dear little lady who was a little frightened at the thought of getting on a trolley car, so she asked the conductor, 'Will I be electrocuted if I stand on the trolley tracks?'

'Lady,' said the conductor, 'if you stand with one foot on the track and the other foot on the trolley wire you'll be electrocuted.'

That is an impossible condition."

* * *

Question: "Who is the present United States Commissioner of Education?"

Answer by Phillipa Brady; "Oh. I know that. Now, let me see, his name is Ford—no, Chevrolet."

Correct answer: Mr. Studebaker.

* * *

The nineteenth century poetry class was studying Wordsworth's *Prelude* when the word recusant ap-

peared. No one in the class knew exactly what it meant, so an emissary was dispatched to the dictionary. She returned with the information that a recusant was one who objected strongly to regular routine. In order to get the meaning clearly in mind, the instructor asked for an illustration. He received in reply the horrified exclamation, "Well that's a very personal question to ask a class of sophomores!"

* * *

Any student who feels that he can't afford to give up a whole noon hour when he might be studying to attend the social dancing classes being held in the gym should sign up immediately for Dr. Farnsworth's freshman history, which has lately acquired a slight resemblance to an Arthur Murray Studio. The featured step is the well known fox-trot, and it goes (according to Dr. Farnsworth) like this:

One-two-f-o-x

One-two-f-o-x.

* * *

Before the arrival of Miss McPartland and her corps of civilian defense helpers, Bette Mazgelis, sliding down the auditorium aisle, slipped and twisted her ankle. "You mustn't do that yet," counseled Miss White, who rushed to her assistance. "Wait till the First Aid course begins!"

With the Student Teachers

Helen Grogan believes in doing her bit for defense. With this end in view, she listened sympathetically to some of her sixth graders' queries about Red Cross bandaging, even going so far as to show them how to tie some of the approved knots. But when she explained that she had learned the knots in Girl Scouts, one of the boys was astounded. "Gosh," he observed, "I didn't know they had Girl Scouts in the olden days."

* * *

One of Frances Sullivan's pupils also seems concerned about the problem of teacher's age. Observing Frances drinking coffee at a P.T.A. meeting, the youngster cornered her for this worried question. "Miss Sullivan, don't you think you're a little young to be drinking coffee?"

* * *

One of the apprentices was asked by a small boy to change some money. As she opened her purse, a silver dollar rattled to the floor. The child's eyes opened wide as he exclaimed, "My, aren't they making quarters big nowadays!"

* * *

A first-grader was having trouble; his jacket would not unzip. When the janitor had achieved the seemingly impossible, the teacher said to the child, "Now what do you say, Jimmy?"

To which he replied unhesitatingly, "Good for you, Mr. Smith."

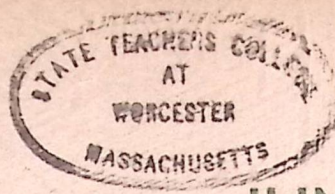
Ruth Monahan's first grade had been especially lively one morning, and teacher finally decided it was time to squelch them. She proceeded to do just that. The class sat quietly, properly ashamed and downcast. Suddenly out of the stillness came the following reflection — "Gee, wasn't Blondie funny last night?"

* * *

What the well-dressed man will wear! Mary Fleming's sixth-grade music class, in a vivid flight of imagination, was attending a concert, all attired in formal dress. One little lad, when asked by a young lady what flower he was wearing in his buttonhole, was stumped, but only for a minute. After serious thought he stated proudly, "I am wearing an orchid."

* * *

Ruth McCurn's language class was giving oral compositions, with members criticizing one another after the conclusion of each talk. During one composition, Ruth noticed one boy staring in real concentration at the speaker. Consequently, when he waved his hand wildly at the end of the story, she was not surprised. However, she was a little overcome when he told her that he had fifteen criticisms. "Yessir, Miss McCurn," he said, "Bill used fifteen 'ands'. I counted 'em."



JUNE 1942

Quarterly Review

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
AT WORCESTER

Quarterly Review

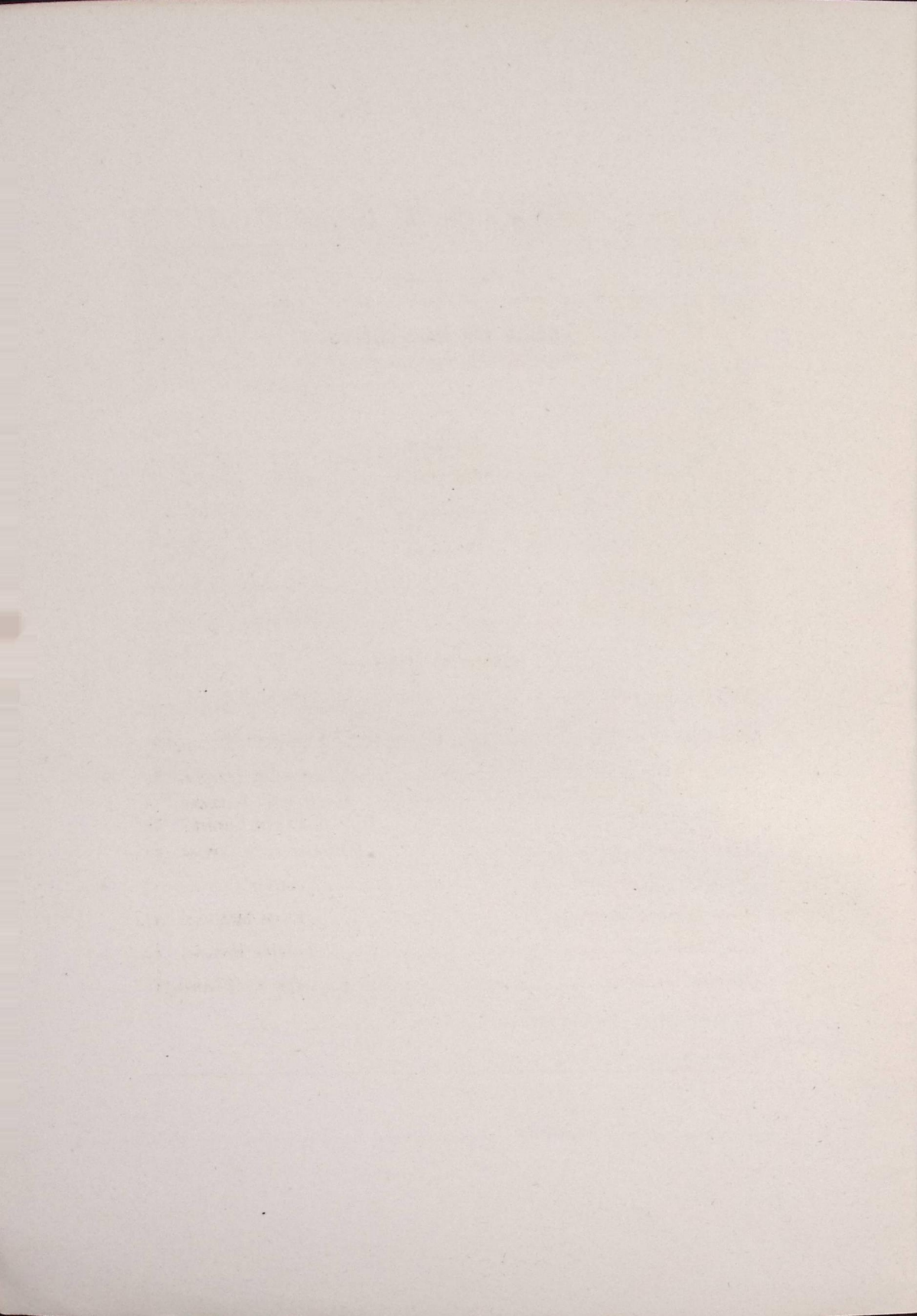
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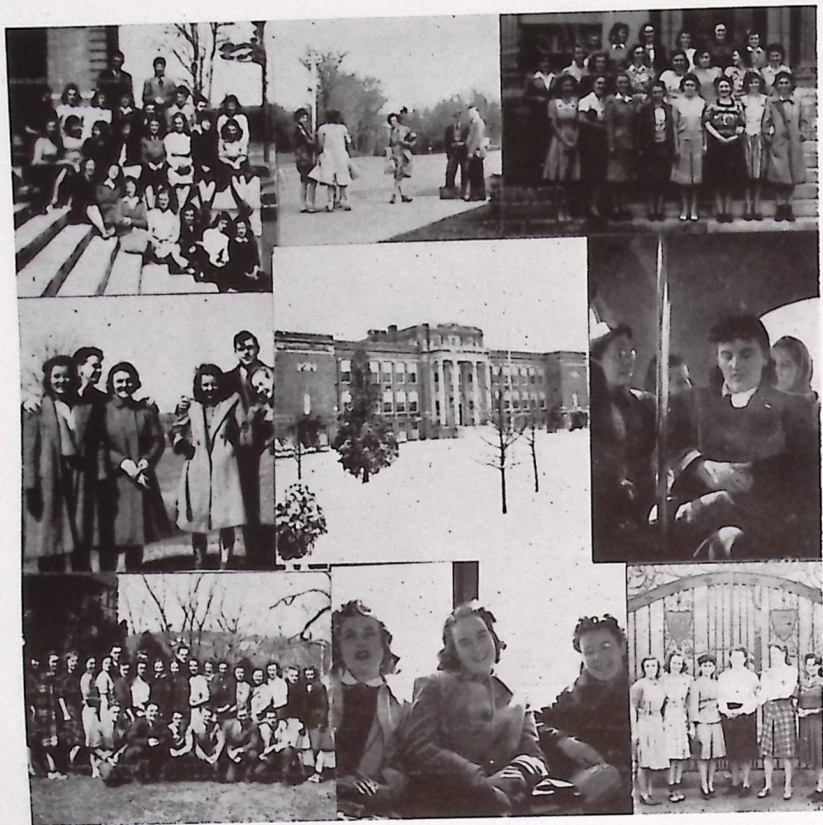
The Quarterly Review

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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Top row, from left

The younger generation — our freshmen
When will it come?
Last stand — The Seniors!

Second row

Not at all bashful!
Alma Mater
The morning after

Bottom row

Our sophomores
S.T.C. Special — 9.05
Post-lunch pose

Photographs by Fred Kelley

Editorial

Seniority

WHEN THE MEMBERS of the class of 1942 were freshmen, their senior sister class conducted a freshman-senior poll, to try to determine how ambitions and attitudes changed in the course of four years of college. On no question did opinions of upper and underclassmen differ so much as on the selection of the favorite year in college. The wide-eyed freshmen looked forward with anticipation to their senior year, when they should be the leaders of the school, wise in the ways of the world, with success looming before them. They were very much surprised to find the seniors heartily disagreeing with them, but when interrogated, the class of 1939 only replied, "You'll see!"

Well, now the members of '42 are the eminent seniors, and they have discovered just what their senior sisters meant. Seniors are the leaders of the school, but they bear all the responsibilities of leadership; they are wise in the ways of the world — and a bit cynical in the bargain; success does loom before them, but not so imminently as before. Now they smile uncertainly when asked what they are planning for next year; and no matter how bright prospects are, that uncertainty cannot be avoided. However, the worst part of being a senior is the feeling that you are doing things for the last time. This is your last opportunity to have the time of your life at the New York conference; this is your last May Day; this is your final Dramatic Club play; next time you attend the Glee Club concert, you will be an outsider; at your next Kappa Delta Pi banquet, you will be an honored alumna. Each time you do one of these things in your senior year, you try to hold onto it — make the moment last just a little longer, instead of breathing a sigh of relief and satisfaction at having successfully carried off another traditional college activity.

Seniors do have a wonderful time, in spite of all their melancholy reflections. They have the clubs to lead, the Council, QUARTERLY, and other all-college associations to direct; they have senior week, the senior get-together, and the senior prom. All in all, they are a happy lot, in spite of lingering looks behind, until the annual spring elections come along. For the first time, they are not eligible for office. They take no part in the violent S.T.C. campaigning which used to mark their final meetings. Chapel announcements state that freshmen, sophomores, and juniors will elect officers tomorrow; they will choose Council representatives Friday at noon; they will vote for

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QUARTERLY staff members Monday. Seniors can only look on tolerantly and a bit regretfully, taking some comfort from the fact that at least they will have time to eat their lunches while others are engaged in the frenzy of elections.

It's strange to feel that you are being "put on the shelf". This year you're a college kid, according to your friends. Next year you will be a professional woman, or perhaps a young matron. They don't like it, but it is true: the class of '42 has finally grown up.



Meditations of a Fatalist

Fred Kelley, '45

It matters not if I live or die,
I have no say in such things.
I accept the troubles and the joys
That have been bequeathed me by the Great Power.
The three sisters still spin the thread
That binds me to life and love and to death.

It matters not what wars men have.
They will die when they will die,
As all things will;
A greater force than Mars will see to that.
The threads are cut in but a second
And the play is over, the story done.

It matters not what wise men think
Of life, self made by men,
Of vice, goodness or of sin;
The torch of life must be handed down
From old to young, from dead to unborn.
But the flame is still the flame.

It matters not, to me at least,
If evil rules the Earth;
For evil shall leave,
As good has done.
Both must have their turns,
But soon must perish too.

• • •

Aunt Susie Is a Corporal Now!

Esther Lipnick, '43

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is written with no malice, nor is the author attempting to discredit the splendid work of the women in defense in the United States of America. It is a mere attempt to show the humorous side of it, and is there anything in this world which does not have a humorous side?)

UNCLE JIM! Oh, Uncle Jim, have you heard? Aunt Susie is a corporal now!"
I nearly fell over Rover sleeping on the porch as I ran in to bring Uncle Jim the news. I found him in the kitchen frying steak for dinner, a checked

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apron tied around his "has been" wastline and an old faithful five-cent cigar chewed to the last drag. I don't know whether he felt a surge of pride or a bit of fright. Poor Jim, you can't blame him. Since the war broke out he's been kind of neglected. Not that Jim isn't patriotic. Aunt Susie sees to the family patriotism, and when Aunt Susie sees after something you can bet your last sou in your jeans that people are patriotic. Jim became an air-raid warden and besides joined a First Aid Class. For weeks he practised tying my arm in slings and applying artificial respiration to my worn-out skeleton until I swore I'd be a good substitute for the scarecrow in the old cornfield, but Jim didn't hear me until. . . . That was the day they practised transportation; the improvised stretcher Jim was carried on gave way, and that day Uncle Jim gave up. He says, though, that if a Jap or Nazi parachutes over the farm he can give 'em the pressure without taking their pressure points, and I bet if Uncle Jim laid his hands on them they'd feel as though the Angel had them in a grip.

But I was telling you about Aunt Susie. Gee, I hate to be disloyal to my own blood and kin, but I can't neglect telling the doggone truth. Women weren't made to wear a uniform! You can call me old-fashioned, reactionary . . . I suppose if I were living in Amelia Bloomer's day I'd be as militant as the bunch of them, and strut down Broadway yelling, "I want my rights! I'm an American citizen and I want to vote!" But when I see Aunt Susie in uniform, I have a thousand fits. I can't see how she struts down to Coe's Corner in that outfit, proud as the leg-horn rooster she won the ribbon for at the County Fair last August. You wouldn't mind so much if Aunt Susie were of normal size, but bless my soul she's fifty-two come last February and wears size 48! How that leather belt squirms around her ample waist to meet in that dazzling gold buckle is fascinating! And when she wears that military hat over her severe hairdo, she looks like the picture of the tough military matrons you see in the "Crime Doesn't Pay Movies." Is that being disloyal to my own blood and kin? Well, I'm just plain, and not diplomatic like a lady is supposed to be.

But, Aunt Susie is a Corporal now! And if I know my Aunt Susie, she's not going to stop there. Why, if the war keeps on like some military experts claim, for a couple more years, I bet she'll end up being a Major! Imagine my Aunt Susie a Major, maybe! Can't you see her being congratulated by General MacArthur, or Eleanor Roosevelt? Why, when she dies she'll have "Major Susan Blakeslee Connors, a good woman who served her country well, and baked the pies that helped us beat the Nazis" engraved on her tomb-

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stone. I didn't tell you that Aunt Susie is in the canteen division. She was always a good cook, and my mouth waters when I recollect the taste of the plum puddings, stuffed turkeys, creamy mashed potatoes, buttered asparagus, fried mushrooms, and delicious apple pie she used to make once. Once when her table used to groan from the spreads she'd set before us on Sundays. . . . But, now the CAUSE has her lock, stock, and barrel. You can't talk anything but shop to Aunt Susie now; it's all second louis, air raid shelters, and incendiary bombs. Why the other day Bessie, her favorite Jersey, gave birth to a little calf, and Aunt Susie only grunted approval and even forgot to pat Bessie!

So, Aunt Susie is a corporal! Aunt Susie's started getting stripes. Well, she's my aunt and I'm proud she's so active. She's turned our house over for a shelter in case of bombing, and she's got the whole upstairs looking like a hospital ward, so when I go upstairs I'm almost afraid of bumping into a starched bit of efficiency, called a nurse. So you see Aunt Susie deserves her stripes.

Just the same, it's hard getting used to Aunt Susie marching. The other day I accidentally saw her practising right face, left face before her mirror, and I nearly fell into the PRECAUTION PAIL on the bottom of the stairs because I didn't want to titter out loud. I shouldn't be telling you these things, I know. But what I think is hardest to get used to is Aunt Susie's old club, that used to sit on the veranda and chew over the events of Carver, but now gets together all in uniform and doesn't have any more time for gossip. THE GIRLS all went on a convoy yesterday and drove off in Aunt Susie's beach wagon, number 5. There was Ellen Watkins who taught me algebra, and who could frighten a Jap regiment with her stare; there was Sarah Mitchell who's a swell egg, but can never get her sleeves long enough; and there was Fanny Smythe whose eyes snap with excitement because "she's being u-u-u-seful." We waved to them and Uncle Jim took off his spectacles, wiped them with his red bandana and said, "Funny the changes a war brings."

"Yep," I said, "nothing left for you to do but join yourself, Uncle Jim."

"Don't think I wouldn't," he said, "but I'll let you in on a secret. They rejected me in the last war because I had flat feet!"

I patted Uncle Jim's back for sympathy, and took him inside where we smelled the potatoes burning.

Schoolgirl in Paris

Maybelle Shaw, '45

THE ALARM CLOCK RINGS. I open one eye and look at it. It is 7:45 and Saturday, the last day of the week at school. I jump out of bed, bathe, and dress. With my hat and coat on, I eat my typical French breakfast, a bowl of café au lait, une croissant. I have to hurry, for it is 8:15 and school starts at 8:30. I snatch my books, take my gloves, make sure again my hat is on my head, for if I forget it I shall not be allowed in school.

My goodness, it is already 11:30, and I have an hour and forty-five minutes to myself, but today that passes so slowly. I cannot wait for 4 o'clock, the earlier hour of dismissal which is the special privilege of Saturday. On other days school keeps until 6 o'clock. Finally school is over. Now I have to hurry, for one of our professors asked me to get a book for the next week. I know that I will be able to find it in one place only, the little booths en plein air along the Seine.

At 7 o'clock I arrive home at last. Still one hour to go before supper. I dress carefully, for I am going out a 20 heures. I decide that tonight we shall go to the Villa d'Este, a chic night club. My father is an American and that gives us more freedom than the French girls have. A night club is the only place one can go for dancing, as there is no such animal as "school activities" in Paris. "School is the place to study" is the motto of our professors.

You call for a cab, for it is cheaper than taking the car out of the garage. Tonight the taxi driver is a Russian, a prince, a refugee from the Russian Revolution. The taxi whizzes us through the Avenue Wagram, and at the corner of the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysées, a slight collision occurs. The driver, although Russian, knows enough French to properly insult the other driver. His reputation is saved, as he talked for at least five minutes without interrupting himself for breath.

The Villa d'Este is small but beautiful. As we go in, a tango is playing, and it is hard to see, for most of the lights are out. Fox trots and rhumbas will be played when they change orchestras.

The evening passes like lightning. I look at my watch, and see it is 1:30 a.m.; although the dancing will not be over for three more hours, I decide to go home. We hail another taxi. Another evening gone!

I have travelled a lot, but I have not yet found a city quite so beautiful and gay as Paris. I shall always remember its spring, summer, fall, and winter. My only regret is that it is too far away, and that now, for me, it lives only in my memory.

Des Anciens Mots Racontent Des Activités Modernes

Christine Flynn, '43

Once upon a time there was a dearth of ordinary worldly events such as we know today, few convenient friends to talk to, no telephone, no radios. To offset this recreational lag, something had to be done. It was a case of much to do about nothing when the French people of the 17th century, Les Précieuses to be exact (any World History will tell you more about them), developed a flowery way of identifying the commonest things. For instance, they bestowed upon the household chair the elegant description, "a commodity for conversation." The following recounts one use of the terms as applied to current customs and events.

Try the dictionary first if your French fails you at the beginning.

Allons!

Hier soir je me suis servi "d'une commodite de la conversation" devant "l'universelle commodite" pour mieux etudier le dictionnaire Des Precieuses, 17 eme Siecle. "Le flambeau de silence" etait en pleine vue par la fenetre, et celui-la et le vent fort m'avait attire l'attention bien des fois. A cause de cette combinaison je savais que "le troisieme element" ne tomberait pas.

Tout a coup un membre de la famille m'a donne "le paradis des oreilles" via la radio. Le programme etait musical, "un melange des vices et des vertus," dont les parties principales etaient "les sujets de la belle conversation" qui voulaient bien "l'abime d'amour." Bien sur elles avaient "les quittances d'amour" et "l'ameublement faux de la bouche," mais elles ne dependaient pas "les perles d'Iris." Au lieu de cela elles garnissaient "les trones de pudeur," elles ouvraient grands "les miroirs de l'ame," et elles s'engageaient dans les activities au United Service Organization. Certainement ces dames charmantes sont en route d'accomplir les desirs de leur ame.

Apres cette grande oeuvre litteraire, j'ai pris "un bain interieur," et ie ne faisait pas longtemps avant que je sois dans "les bras de Morphee."

Dictionnaire Des Precieuses 17 eme Siecle.

une commodite de la conversation	une chaise	a chair
l'universelle commodite	une table	a table
le flambeau de silence	la lune	the moon
le troisieme element	la pluie	the rain
le paradis des orielles	la musique	music
un melange des vices et des vertus	la comedie	musical comedy
les sujets de la belle conversation	les femmes	women
l'abime d'amour	le mariage	marriage

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l'ameublement faux de la bouche
les perles d'Iris
les trones de pudeur
un bain interieur
les bras de Morphee
les quittances d'amour

les dents faux	false teeth
les larmes	tears
les joues	the cheeks
un vers d'eau	glass of water
un lit	a bed
les cheveux gris	gray hair

• • •

With the Student Teachers

Frankness seems to be the keynote of the younger generation. At least, so it would appear from the following conversation which Betty Driscoll noted in her first grade class:

Teacher, to a child present in the afternoon, after having been absent that morning: Why didn't you come this morning, Joseph?

Joseph: I don't know. I didn't read the note to see!

* * *

Unexpected solicitude for the apprentice popped up recently in an ultra-sophisticated first grade. As the teacher was administering a rather sharp rebuke to the class concerning poor conduct, one child was heard to remark sympathetically, "It's too bad, but that's what she gets for having so many kids around."

* * *

Isabelle Sandstrom reports that one second grade youngster, at the ripe old age of seven, is already aware of woman's wiles. When he passed in an original drawing of an Indian squaw fishing, what she had hooked was not the usual, prosaic

fish, but an Indian brave in a canoe!

* * *

Even the children took the sugar rationing seriously. After Mary Gannon had very carefully explained to the children that an application would be required from every member of the family, a first grader hastened to assure her that she would be sure to have her mother fill out a blank for the family dog.

* * *

A fourth grade boy paid an unexpected tribute to Abraham Lincoln during a history lesson the French and Indian War. When attention was called to the Plains of Abraham, he objected vigorously, claiming that that must be the wrong name, because Abraham Lincoln wasn't even born yet.

* * *

During a first grade word drill, Ruth Monahan, trying to be helpful, explained that "toast" is what we eat at breakfast. One of her small students corrected her with, "No, Miss Monahan, that's what we drink at parties."

Mimi

Effie Hartocollis, '45

MIMI IS MY BEST BOY FRIEND. I have promised to marry him when he finishes school. We hope that by that time the war will be over, although Mimi would like to fight for America. It is true that, like many of us, he doesn't understand why every few years there has to be a war. He asks me the most complicated questions concerning that subject, and he waits impatiently for my answers. Last night he wanted to know why we can't stop the war. I tried to explain to him the reasons, but he wasn't satisfied. He thinks that war is a child's game, that we, the big and wise ones, can stop it any time we want to. If we cannot, why then did we start it?

A few days ago he came into my room, and he sat beside me. He looked at me with his large, dark eyes and he suddenly said, "Will you marry me?" I really was surprised. I knew that he liked me, but I never dreamed of his proposal. It was so sudden and I was so startled by it that he had to wait a few minutes for my answer. Then . . . "Little darling," I said, "don't you think that you are too young to get married?" He almost cried. His eyes were flashing with pride and his voice was unusually loud when he said, "I am seven years old and I am a big, big boy. I can eat all by myself and I can read my 'Weekly Reader' . . . and I like you very much." I smiled now and took his small hand into mine.

"I like you, too, Mimi, and of course I know that you are a big boy. But don't you think that I am a little too old for you?" He looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time in his life. He admitted that I was a little bit too tall for him and that we wouldn't have fun dancing together, but wouldn't I wait for him? He will be as old as I some day, and then, when we are the same age, oh boy, the fun we are going to have! "What are we going to do, Mimi?" I asked. He remained silent for a moment as if he were dreaming our life together, and then, with excitement in his voice, he replied, "Oh, we will go to see the Indians and we'll ride ponies. And you know, Effie, I am going to give you a real ring, honest, Effie. Will you wait for me?" I smiled and I caressed his hair. He was only seven years old, and I liked him. "Yes, Mimi, I'll wait for you. Only Father Time won't wait for me. By the time you will be a young man, I will be an old maid with gray hair and a wrinkled face. You won't like me then, Mimi." He kissed me and he assured me that he would love me always. "Aren't we serious?" he concluded.

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So I promised to wait for him, to wait until the war is over, until he finishes college. We sat on the same chair quietly for a few minutes, he, looking at Hitler's picture in my history book, and I, thinking of the time when peace will return to earth. Our profound silence was interrupted by a girl's voice. Mimi closed my book very abruptly and dashed out of the room, yelling, "I'm coming, Mary Lou, I'm coming."

We remained all alone in my room, my history book and I.

• • •

From Any Nice Girl at Home Who Misses Any Nice Fellow in Camp Paulina Shawmut, '44

If, some day, the world seems not
So bright, think of a windy afternoon
And remember a cloud in the sky
That cast its last shadow
Upon the new green grass of the park.

If, when twilight comes, and the sun
Passing unnoticed away seems cold,
Try to recall the chips of a log,
The nest on a branch,
And a stone wall, where I scratched my leg.

If, when your bunk seems lonely
You toss restlessly on your cot,
Think of a long road endlessly winding,
Only a light from the moon,
And the trees that guarded our walk.

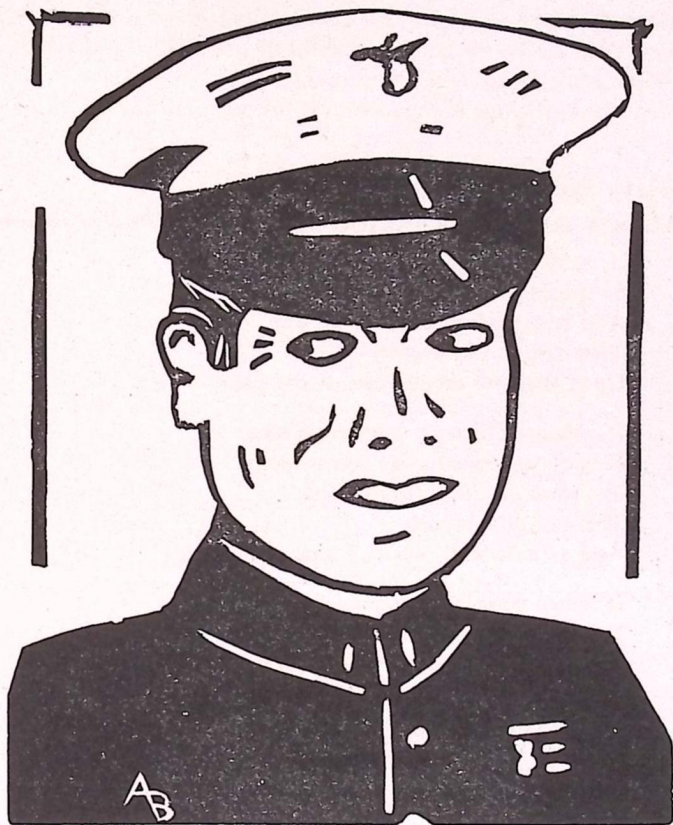
And when the sky is dreary,
Remember the stars were once shining.
They fell in handfuls through the leaves
And were buried in the grass.
The wind breathed hardly a sigh.

Remember, it comforts, a talk
In the dark; the woods have no ears;
The trees watch forever; they guarded that night.
The stars were almost too far
Remember. . . .

Lines From a Leatherneck

Edited by Eleanor Looney, '44

Robert Fox



OH, YOU'RE DOING YOUR PART all right — Red Cross first aid, rolling bandages, serving as a hostess for the U.S.O., investing all your extra pennies in defense stamps. You're pretty proud of yourself, aren't you? Well, here's where you hear about how it feels to make a real sacrifice.

Last December Bob Fox, the sophomore class president, exchanged his textbooks for a rifle and went away to find out what it takes to become a marine. But he has been very generous with his new life, giving portions of

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it to us, his classmates, through the medium of his letters. He was first stationed at Parris Island in South Carolina.

"Well, here I am — way down south — and what a town!
I don't know whether you've ever heard a poem called "Tell It
to the Marines." There are some lines in it that describe my
own station:

The girls call him a devil dog
But his real name is marine.
He is trained at Parris Island,
The land that God forgot,
Where the sand is fourteen inches deep
And the sun is scorching hot."

But the scorching sun and the sand were small disadvantages in comparison with the charm of an entirely new life.

"Life in a tent cannot be described. It is just one of those tasks that you think you will just have to bear and then it turns out to be fun. I wash my own clothes, make my own bed, and clean my own bayonet and rifle. We also find time to play football, wrestle, and box."

During the first few weeks in a new environment before you feel completely at ease with new friends, you have plenty of time to think of old friends.

"You know, I've known lots of people, but when you go to school with someone you really get to know him. And boy, do I miss the bunch. I suppose I'll find pals here, but they won't be the same."

You have time, too, to straighten out your standard of value and see things in their true light.

"I'm disappointed to hear how many of the kids are leaving school. You don't realize what an advantage a good education is until it seems out of reach."

Sometimes even when you're grown up, you get a little homesick.

"I hope there is snow when I get home, for I have seen but one snowstorm all winter. Right now it is just like summer, and I imagine that you people are all freezing."

Then without realizing it you slip into the groove of your new life and start looking forward again.

"The news that I receive from home shows me that I am going to have to get into the swing of things all over again if I do get

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home (even now). All I have heard and seen is marines, food, rifles, and bayonets until I have come to the conclusion that I am getting there."

When you go to work for Uncle Sam you don't have time to get bored. No sooner do you get tired of a locality than you are transferred, and there you are with a whole new set of conditions to complain about. So Bob left the scorching sun and sand for the comforts of Lakehurst, New Jersey.

"We have everything here for our own convenience. In our barracks we have movies, bowling alleys, pool tables, recreation rooms, coca-cola machines and recording machines. We are within riding distance of New York and Philadelphia."

But with all these amusements "there's no place like home."

"Last night I got all dressed up and my buddies were a little curious. So I told them, 'Tonight's Junior Prom Night back at school and I can't miss that, can I?' So we had a party in our own barracks — no music, no flowers, no girls — but we pretended."

School isn't all Proms, however, and with exam time came a word of warning — and of consolation.

"I suppose the gang is very much worried over exams right now. I remember how I used to sweat over them. If while you are burning the midnight oil you envy me for not having to study, you are mistaken. For the first time in my life, I am really studying. Not to get a good mark or a promotion, but for my own safety and possibly that of a buddy."

It was nice in New Jersey, near enough to get home two or three weekends, but Uncle Sam started shifting little squares on his map and now the letters come postmarked New River, North Carolina.

"Moved again — this time to New River, North Carolina. What a country, beautiful sunsets, cool breezes — and a twelve-mile hike every day. Training has been a wonderful experience, but I'd like to get moving now, get into the 'big show.' And maybe I will — pretty soon."

And with always the same conclusion.

Sincerely yours,

BOB FOX, *Private First Class*
United States Marine Corps

Notes from Our Exchanges

Teachers College magazines seem to revel in surveys. Our own survey on apprentices having convinced everyone that we love to teach, we are glad to see Salem keeping right in step with a survey conducted for Freshmen. One of the questions asked was "Why did you come to Salem?" Strange to say, 95% of the answers were "To be teachers." The question, "What languages do you speak?" rated fourteen different languages. Since 50% did not answer this question, *The Log* pollers gather that this 50% no speakee English.

* * *

A bright Boston University miss gave a timely comment on "Victory" suits in the Boston University *News* poll. "I hope they don't dispense with lapels, that would make it hard to button-hole a man." We say, z'actly!

* * *

The Appleblossom Club at Central Michigan College of Education has a thirty-one passenger bus which it calls the *Spirit of Progress*. This bus has all the modern safety and comfort devices found on any up-to-date bus, but can it compare with our State College Special?

* * *

The Paltzonette of New Paltz Normal School, New York, has an amusing article which asks "Who's Yehoudi?" We say Yehoudi's the one who puts the gym equipment away while the rest of us are rushing for the showers or tearing for the bus.

* * *

The Massachusetts Collegian lists as cliches they could do without:

"Roll the leg over"

"How about that, Doc"

"Just for size."

A few we could do without are:

"Look girls, a man"

"How have you grown?" (we groan)

"I've done absolutely nothing for days now."

* * *

And to the Freshmen, a word of wisdom from *The Ship's Ghost* of Salem — "Do as you're told; don't be a hypocrite and fawn all over the upper classers (as if they did); avoid unnecessary irritating of committee-for-initiation members, and remember, it's all for your own good."

Book Reviews

Young Man of Caracas

Elizabeth Koss, '42

DON THOMAS YBARRA, with his dual background and his journalistic style, has given us one of the most delightful accounts of our "Good Neighbors" in *Young Man of Caracas*.

In this book, which is spiced with intimate pictures of historic personalities, we learn of the almost perpetual intrigue in the government of Venezuela. Always this continued while the Ybarra family vacillated between our "stern and rockbound coast" and Venezuela, as they felt the favor and disfavor of the numerous Venezuelan presidents. Tom's mother, the beautiful daughter of the former American ambassador to Venezuela, gave Tom some of her staid New England spirit and her Yankee humor. His father, a romantic Latin militarist with an appealing accent, transmitted to his son a decided interest in all things military. General Ybarra, characterized as a lover of uniforms and of story-telling is a most appealing father.

Tom, in his younger years, seemed equally happy jumping in New England snow drifts and in Venezuelan coffee piles. As he grew older, there developed a conflict between his two backgrounds. One wonders whether the salt of New England, or "the beautiful land of eternal spring," "the step to paradise," will capture his greater devotion. Tom's decision to go to Harvard brought General Ybarra to the realization that New England had claimed another son.

Probably the most significant factor in the book is the picture of the rise and fall of South American political factions, and the manner in which the varying personalities of the leaders influenced the people. Ybarra's style is of a journalistic nature, cleverly varied with humorous anecdotes and descriptions. The book certainly is, as it has been called, the South American *Life with Father*.

• • •

Dragon Seed

Adele Carlson, '42

I N *Dragon Seed*, Pearl Buck has shown us how the Japanese invasion has affected the calm, everyday life of the Chinese farmer and his family. However, she has done more than this. It seems as if her story is symbolic of the entire world — a world at war — and of the effect of this war upon the ordinary individual from his first innocent bewilderment to his courageous attempts at resistance.

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Ling Tan is a simple Chinese peasant, devoted to his farm and to his family, knowing little of the outside world, but content with his lot. Through the coming of the Japanese, a peaceful existence is brutally interrupted and radical changes occur in the lives of the family members. The youngest son, a wilful dreamer, becomes an efficient military leader. The second son leaves home with his wife for the free country beyond, but later returns home. The youngest daughter is sent for safety to a mission school. The oldest daughter enjoys luxury at the hands of the enemy while her husband poses as a traitor. The wife of the eldest son is killed by Japanese soldiers. However, each in his own way renders service to his country as he thinks best. Even those who remain on the farm help to preserve the land and to render opposition to the conquerors. In spite of the loss of some of its members, it is through the addition of others that the family continues.

There is little humor; the theme does not warrant humor. There is little beauty; again, the theme does not warrant beauty. However, there is power in this book. There is power of style, in the meaning and conciseness of every paragraph; power of characterization in the portrayal of real individuals; and power of soul in the very way the people adjust themselves to a cruel and difficult existence.

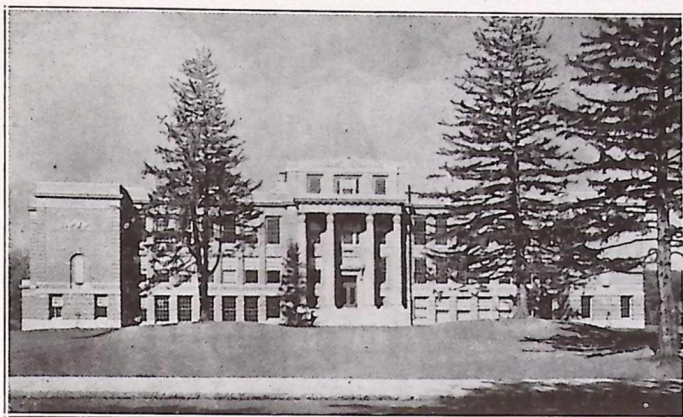
Dragon Seed is a story with a significant theme, told in a simple, convincing way, leaving nothing unsaid and evoking much sympathy and interest. The reader learns to understand and to like Ling Tan and his family, and through them, the Chinese people.

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Reflection

Rita Galipeau, '42

Time is a placid lake
Mirroring endless skies
When man comes
He throws in a pebble
And breaks the image
Into ever widening arcs
Each one racing in circular fashion
After the other and restlessly breaking on shore.
And when they're gone
He ponders where they went.



We're Saying On This Campus

W. S. T. C.

Students and faculty alike found, during the period of sugar rationing, that even war has its lighter moments, and the amusing stories are legion. For example, there was the problem of Virginia Sheahan, who was heard to call after an applicant, "Madame, Harold Jr. is a boy, isn't he? Well, I just wondered, because you have him marked female!"

Up in Pat Malley's district a man of foreign birth with a very long and complicated name came in to apply for a sugar card. After several vain attempts on the part of the registrar to understand his spelling, she inquired whether or not he had some identification which had his name on it. The applicant reached in his pocket, pulled out a social security card, said, "Here's my name right here"

and, after much triumphant pen scratching by the operator, "but it's spelled wrong!"

Then there was the simple soul who applied to Phillipa Brady. Said Miss Brady in a very business-like manner, "Now these are all correct, sir, except that the baby's height isn't filled out yet. How tall is your baby?"

"Well, ma'am, I don't know. He ain't stood up yet."

Dozens of people must have experienced the same discouragement that Betty McCann felt when she received in reply to her question concerning the amount of sugar on hand, the answer, "Well, my sugar bowl is half full. How much is that?"

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Miss Scribner is still laughing at Miss McKelligett's scientific attitude in the world crisis. Said Miss Scribner, "I have a pound of powdered sugar at home, but that's partly clay."

Returned Miss McKelligett brightly, "What? Clay? They pulverize atoms; can't they pulverize sugar?"

Said registrar Rosamond Burr, handing her applicant a pen, "You sign here what she is to you — that is, what you are to her."

Frowned the man applying, "People want to know too much, don't they?"

* * *

The Mental Hygiene class had a strange assignment in its objective personality study — to make a family tree. The only one particularly worried was Pat Malley, who moped about the school with her genealogical table done in pencil, but not inked in. But the fates were with Pat. The day the paper was due, Patricia Ruth, Junior, the brand new niece, put in an appearance, and Pat happily brought her family tree up to date.

* * *

Slacks are quite the thing for Red Cross and for national skirt conservation, but what two dignified seniors were publicly humiliated when, dropping in on the Newman Club roller skating party after First

Aid Class, they were denied admission by the gatekeeper on the grounds of improper attire?

* * *

Betty Bennett, long an outstanding athlete and outdoor girl, was always the kind to do things in a big way, casually, yet with the flourish which marked her the seniors' favorite tomboy. Who said a leopard can't change its spots? Classmates now gasp to see our Betty, a diamond adorning her third finger, daintily working away, crocheting a lace doily!

* * *

Just to prove the effect that geography courses have on student conversations — the day after Leo Charbonneau left to join the army someone asked Dick Boulay, "Don't you know where he's stationed?" Came the triumphant shout, "He's in the cotton belt now."

* * *

The stories about catty girls are only half true, but here's one several people will vouch for. "Yes," she said, "you looked very sweet the other night, and very demure. Just like a schoolgirl — school for scandal."

* * *

Have you heard Shirley Albert's tale about the social worker who went to visit an insane asylum? The worker had been conducted on a tour through some of the wards, but

he decided to take a detour by himself. He entered a room and was startled to hear the door click behind him. Then, in the opposite corner, he saw a wild-eyed face turned toward him. The patient started creeping toward him, and the investigator began to look for a place to hide. The only furniture in the room was an iron bed placed directly in the center. So the weird chase commenced — round and round the bed they went for over an hour, till the social worker could stand it no longer. He stopped, and waited in fear and trembling. The patient crept up with eyes gleaming, reached out a claw-like hand, touched the visitor on the shoulder, and shouted, "You're It!"

* * *

Stated Mary O'Neil, giving an oral book review, "Her father was a lady's man, and she was a man's . . . I mean, she had a great influence, too."

* * *

The school never really appreciated the seniors until sports day, when that class ran away with first place in every athletic contest. '42 is afraid that it will ever carry the college athletic championship, for it leaves the school undefeated, bearing with it the laurels wrested at such great cost from the previously unconquered A division of the class of 1940.

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Mused Betty Brigham, with one eye looking forward to her degree, "Just think — on June 12 we shall be bachelors."

Snorted a classmate, "Huh! Old maids, you mean!"

* * *

And speaking of the number of engagements in the school, which makes a deep cut in the number of teachers available, a faculty member was startled to hear this one.

Said he, during a discussion of human values, "It isn't the money or position that has meaning. For instance, you can have all kinds of gorgeous diamond rings without having accomplished anything."

Replied Augusta Copper, "No, it's getting it on the right finger that counts!"

* * *

The day before our delegates left for the New York conference, history majors were busy reading a chapter from Schlesinger — "The Lure of the City." Queried Mary Payne, "Getting ready to go?"

* * *

Miss O'Donnell's World Lit. class, taking up Chinese literature, celebrated China Week with a sale for the benefit of China Relief, and a Chinese tea. Rice cakes, and small folded cookies with Chinese fortunes were among the delicacies served. Imagine the chagrin of Betty Smith, who after four years in a teachers

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college, received these words of Confucius in her birthday fortune: "The evil of men is that they like to be teachers of others."

* * *

The Dick twins were lounging about the corridors one Friday, when a distinguished-looking couple approached them. "Where is the conference being held?" they queried.

"The Principals' Conference?" said Arlyne. "That's tomorrow."

"Oh no," they hastened to assure her. "We've come for the Mental Hygiene conference."

"But that was last week," chimed in Paulyne.

"Oh — you won't tell anyone, will you?" they asked, and quietly slipped away. But you see, it was too good for them to keep.

* * *

The question, a very difficult one in these days of controversy, had come up during an Education class. What constitutes a progressive

school? Gladys Walley was ready with the answer: "Movable chairs."

* * *

Quoth Dr. Averill, "A neurotic person never dies young, but his friends always do."

* * *

A discussion on the popularity of the boys in our college, still in a minority because they were admitted only two years ago, brought forth a good many explanations for the girls' interest. The best, advanced by Fred Kelley, was, "It's only natural. The boys are the co-eds in our school."

* * *

Things come to a pretty pass when teachers become pupils again, after having been out teaching for a semester. Mr. Riordan, inflicted with the Senior Secondaries after they returned from apprenticeship, even lost his good nature for a moment. Groaned he, "Oh, how an instructor at State Teachers College can be hen-pecked by his class!"

To An Unappreciative Lady

George Green, '45

I used to look in your dear eyes
More fair to me than Naples' skies.
I used to slip your hand in mine
Your touch was something cool — divine!
Oh! When you filled my very heart
Why was it that we had to part?
I think myself 'twas just because
With all your charm and thousand graces
You had to make those painful faces
Whene'er I'd take my violin
And smiling, put it to my chin.

